

GERMS



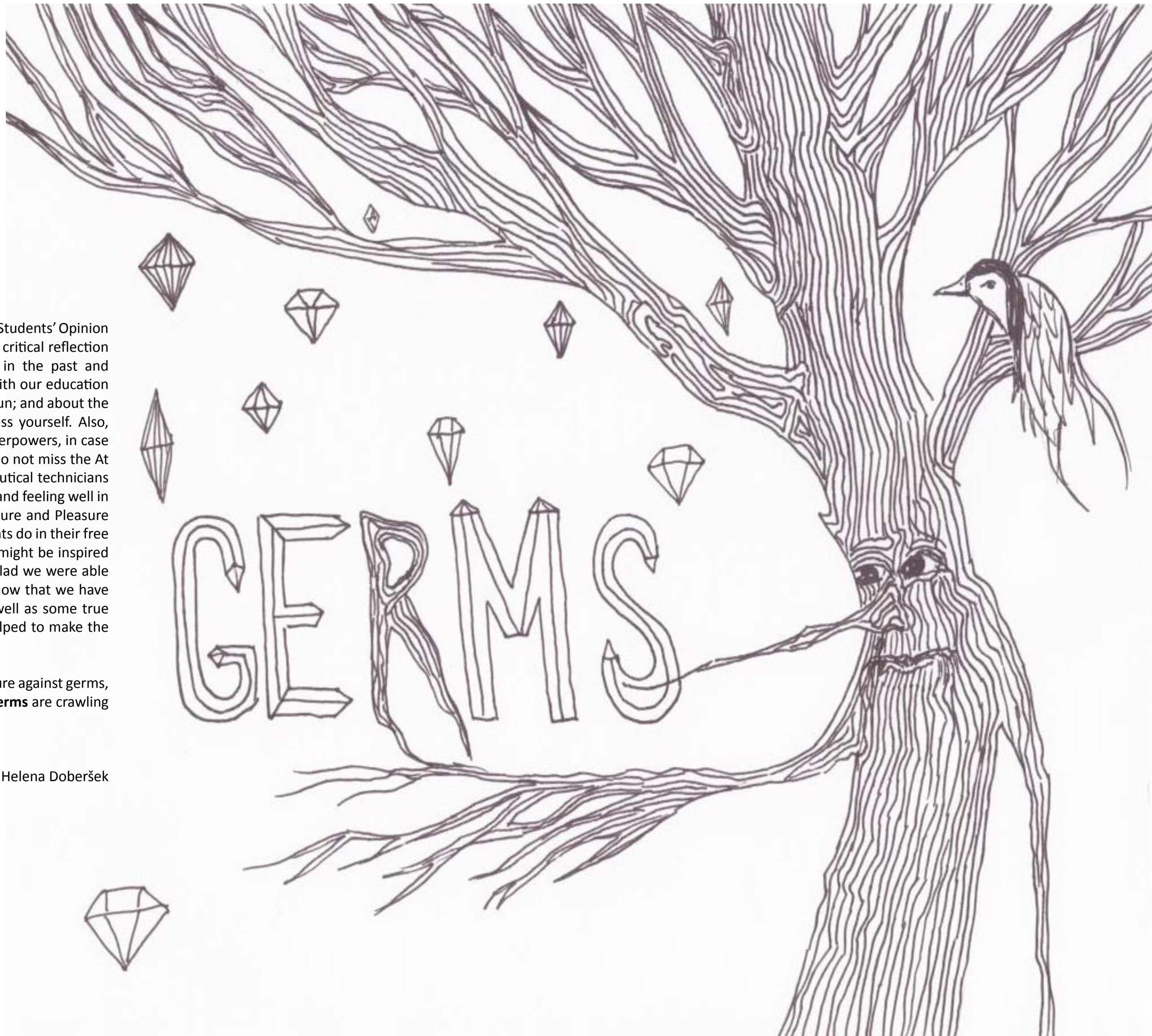
SS/12

Editorial

The second issue of **GE(R)MS** is here. In the Students' Opinion section you can read: Asja's profound and critical reflection about the role and position of women in the past and present; how students are (dis)satisfied with our education system; if being in the spotlight is always fun; and about the importance of clothes as a way to express yourself. Also, you can learn what you could do with superpowers, in case you have no idea. If you have itchy feet, do not miss the At Home and Abroad section. Our pharmaceutical technicians provide some useful tips for looking good and feeling well in the Beauty and Health Corner. In the Leisure and Pleasure section you can find out what some students do in their free time and, if you find football boring, you might be inspired to try something unusual. I am only too glad we were able to add some poems and stories, which show that we have very creative students at our school, as well as some true artists who, despite the lack of colour, helped to make the magazine look more eye-catching.

Again, we proved that **gems** are the best cure against germs, especially at this time of the year, when **germs** are crawling all around us.

Helena Doberšek



STUDENTS' OPINIONS

WOMEN SHOULD ACCEPT THEIR NATURAL ROLE OF BEING A MOTHER, INSTEAD OF COMPETING WITH MEN AND FIGHTING FOR EQUAL RIGHTS

As sad as this sounds, this is how history treated women up until the 19th century, when the basis of the Women's Rights Movement was formed, and then later on in the 20th century, when the feminist movement raised its voice. They were mothers and wives first, and humans second, and in some countries, that is still the case.

Let us take China as an example, shall we? In the Tang dynasty, when Confucianism awoke, "The Three Principles" were formed for women to obey: daughters had to obey their fathers at all costs, wives had to obey their husbands and widows had to obey their sons. If a wife had disobeyed in any way, had a health disorder, committed adultery or even failed to give birth to a son, she would have faced the threat of being ostracized. The only way to avoid such punishments was proving that the wife had no family to return to, and thus had to stay with her husband in order to survive.

A major factor that contributed to the low social status of women in China was the infamous foot binding. The practice involved tightly wrapping young girls' feet in order to keep them as small as possible, which often resulted in disfigurement of one's feet and made it impossible to walk normally and thus limiting women's activities of all types.

Later on, during the Republic of China (1912-1949), women were legally sold into slavery under the guise of domestic servants. Back then, they also had no right to decide whether they wanted to get married or not, it was the family that decided, and only the husband was the one to consent to it. In 1950 however, a new law was formed to protect women from being forced into marriage and to tackle the slave sales.

Moving on into Ancient Greece, where, although women lacked political and equal rights, there are records of them owning land, which was the most prestigious form of private property at the time. However, women were not treated equally to men, who they had to obey at all costs. An unmarried woman had to follow the orders of her *kyrios*, which means "lord" or "master" in Ancient Greek. The role of a *kyrios* was to lead the *oikos* (household) and was assigned to men only. Outside the household, women also had no right to participate in politics, had to cover their curves with heavy clothing and were very poorly educated compared to men. What is more, it was Aristotle who thought women only brought evil and confusion and should live separated from the rest of society, and thus *gynaeceums* were created. These were special rooms in Greek houses, reserved for women only. When guests came over, women were sent to those rooms to socialize among themselves and to prevent them from disturbing the guests. In contrast, Spartan women enjoyed more freedom. They were still excluded from political activities, but they were allowed to go wherever they wanted, wear shorter and lighter clothing and receive education.

Now I would like to focus on the title of this article itself. The first thing I personally do not understand is the idea of a woman being born to be a mother. Who is to say that that is supposed to be her main goal in life, her "role"? This particular idea is extremely outdated, and yet certain people still seriously entertain it. It is true that the feminist movement only made some drastic changes in the social status of women in the 20th century, and that the mentality of certain people still has not moved on from Stone Age beliefs, but I think it still does not seem acceptable to believe that just because of her biological gender a woman is capable of doing less than a man.

There is a certain amount of hate thrown at the women who decide to pursue a professional career instead of creating a family and settling down, because, apparently, being

a mother and keeping the household together is all a woman is good for. There is a law in Japan that makes women decide between a family and a career, and it goes like this: If anyone in the company notices a woman is pregnant, she gets fired from her job and has no chance of ever regaining it. This law has resulted in the decrease of the young population in Japan and the government seems to have no idea why. It is as if a woman cannot be successful if she has a child.

It is also considered "Breaking News" whenever a woman accomplishes something, as if having a successful career and making her own choices for her own and greater good simply is not meant for her. I cannot tell you how many times I have been told that I am "smart for a woman", or that I am "talented for a woman", simply because of the wide-spread opinion that women, specifically young girls like me, are inferior to men in all ways and are not meant to be talented and smart. All we are to the world is a pretty face to look at and take advantage of, which can be easily seen on the streets, especially during nightfall. Men will stand in the corner and whistle at pretty girls, give them sexual advances, find it their right to comment on their appearance and even come up to them and try to grab them. If a girl fights back, it excites them and they attack even harder, thinking they can do whatever they want to her simply because she is a girl. Of



course, it is not like only women are being harassed, men are experiencing it too, but it is not that widely talked about. No man likes to admit he was harassed by a woman, he finds it embarrassing to be beaten or even raped by someone seen as weaker than him.

Another thing I simply cannot stand, and I am sure you can agree with me on this, is the fact that in certain countries, in certain companies, women get paid around 20 percent less than men for the same type and amount of work. This is basically quietly saying to a woman, "You are worth less, even though you are doing exactly the same thing as the man next to you and you are both equally effective at what you are doing." Equal wages should be enforced, because at the end of the day, they are both just workers and their biological gender does not specify their worth.

Struggling for equality is something we should talk about more, because certain beliefs about women's abilities and rights people have really do belong to the Stone Age, when men were hunters who supported the family and women were left at home with children to take care of and food to prepare for their brave and talented partners who had the world in their hands. It is about time we saw each other as humans with feelings and desires, and neglected the expectations society has for us and our gender. It is pointless to put someone in a box and shorten their wings only because their dreams and desires do not fit the expectations of the crowd. We are all just human, and deserve to be treated as such.

Asja Križman 2. Ka

SPECIAL OCCASIONS IN MY FAMILY

I am the youngest daughter in my family. I would say that we are close. We celebrate holidays, birthdays and other special events. I do not mind family celebrations, as long as they do not happen one after another.

On the one hand, I think that family celebrations of special occasions, such as birthdays, weddings or graduations are important. Our family hosts a brunch every time somebody celebrates their birthday and they receive a big gift from the whole family. At Christmas we have dinner, watch a movie and open our presents. It is important to celebrate with your family in some way because that is a part of life. We learn about generosity and kindness, how to be happy for others when they have accomplished something. And it is nice to be just with your family for a little bit of time.

On the other hand, I think that it can be very stressful, especially if you have a relative that always says negative things about you. My aunt, for example, always says that my hair is messy, my clothes are not appropriate for a girl and that I should get a job, because in her opinion I am spoiled. Then an argument breaks out, and in the end, I am always the one to swallow my pride and apologise.

In conclusion, family celebrations and other special occasions are great - you get to spend time with your family and maybe receive something special - but not great if they last more than a meal, because it can be too much to take in one day. I love my family like anybody else loves theirs. But I am still convinced that everyone cannot tolerate every single relative and would not mind if these special occasions and celebrations were less frequent.

Ana Stružnik, 3. Zb



SARA NOVAK

MOST OF THE TIME SPENT IN SCHOOL IS COMPLETELY WASTED

Most students would probably agree that the majority of the time we spend in school is wasted. Hours upon hours of classes are spent just writing down what our teachers dictate, when we could easily copy those notes from the textbook at home.

Moreover, all thirty students in a class need to take an oral exam at least once a year, but usually more than once! Some teachers take twenty minutes or even more to grade a student taking an oral exam, while that student's classmates just sit quietly and listen, when they could be learning or practicing.

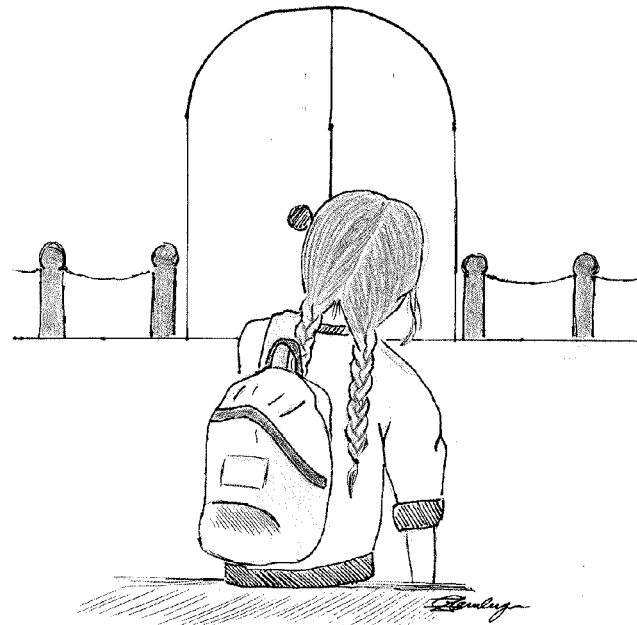
Also, the teachers' pace might not be appropriate for some of the students. For example, the teacher might be explaining things too fast for the students who are struggling with the material, while at the same time boring the students that are doing very well in that class. Because of this, not much is gained from the lecture by either group of pupils.

On the other hand, the best way for weaker students to catch up with the rest of the class is to talk to the teacher in person and get personalized help. That would not be possible if students were studying online at home.

Another advantage of actually coming to school is the demonstrations of practical work and techniques, which is especially important in vocational schools.

To sum up, yes, some of the time we spend in school is wasted, but that is outweighed by the quality time we spend doing practical work.

Ana Zidar, 4. Fc



WHAT WOULD I CHANGE ABOUT OUR COUNTRY'S EDUCATION SYSTEM?

At English class we discussed the topic on the education system in Slovenia and what it is like compared to the one in the UK. We were also given handouts and then we had to answer the questions on them. I stopped at one of the last questions which said, "What would you change about the education system in your country if you could?" At that moment I had more than a thousand words to answer that question.

But let us be honest - I bet that every single

student would change something about their education system, and not only in our country. I know that almost none of the students are really pleased with having to study daily and so on. So, if every single one of us, students, was able to change something, this would lead to our education system's demise. You see, every single student has an idea, and it would end up leaving our teachers, principals and all the people involved in jobs connected with education empty handed. Not only that, it would also leave us, students, uneducated and without certain experience that we must gain during our teenage years.

My intention is not to complain about every single thing that we have to do in school, because I do believe that some of those are mandatory for a reason, like to teach us things that we cannot really be taught in another way. Some things simply must be that way. But there are still some things that could be changed so they would actually affect both teachers and students more positively, leaving us with more knowledge obtained in a much more enjoyable way.

First off, I would like to point out the way we are graded. I will start by asking a simple question, "Why are we graded with numbers?" In school we are supposed to gain knowledge of certain subjects and then get the feedback about how well we actually did it. I am not sure why the system decided to tell us how much we know with numbers. A number means nothing to me. I hope that I am not just another number on the paper; I like to think of myself as an individual, as I have been thought of since my very young age. In my opinion, numbers do not show my knowledge. I do partly understand why they use numbers, though. It seems like a fair explanation, but it does not positively affect students. Sadly, it only brings us stress and makes us fiercely competitive. Being competitive is not necessarily only a bad thing. It is good up to a point, but definitely not as a constant in our lives. We then grow up to be adults who are never happy, because we always have to be better than someone else. I understand that each school needs to have a database of all the students' grades so they

can see how well they are doing compared to other schools. But it can never be a fair comparison. It is because each school grades their students differently, the more so since each school has lots of teachers who grade differently.

Here, I would also like to point out a certain thing which really cannot be changed. I have experienced being graded on my looks and behavior, instead of my actual knowledge. Also, I have been graded on how well I could remember facts, which was not even the point of the class itself, but some teachers seem not to care about actual knowledge gained. They might care more about the exact numbers and facts remembered word by word. My stubborn mind does not allow me to cave in to that kind of system, so I end up having lower grades at certain subjects than I should or could have. What makes me mad is that a person who has no clue of the subject gets orally examined and all they do is remember the facts and numbers, and get a high grade. I do not really think that is fair, but maybe I should learn to adjust and neglect the use of real knowledge that I actually have of certain subjects.

Secondly, I would like to write about the ways of being orally examined. It is mandatory, especially in subjects where we actually have to speak, like languages. It is completely understandable why we have to be orally examined. But the way it is done, makes it hard for some of the students. Not all of us are born to perform. Some of us have stage fright, or are scared to death to stand up in front of the class and speak. We know all our classmates are listening and judging us every step of the way. Teachers might not understand that fear so well since they perform in front of the whole class daily and might simply not notice it in students. So, is there anything that could be done to relieve this uncomfortable and stressful situation? I think this could be solved quite easily, with barely any trouble. In my opinion, the trouble first occurs in elementary school when we start learning foreign languages. I am only speaking from my experience. I do not know what it was like

at other schools. I was asked to speak about what I feel and know. But I honestly assume it was alike in most schools. For example, when we first had foreign languages, I remember that the teachers hardly ever encouraged the pupils to speak and form sentences. They taught us to sound out the alphabet and one word at a time, but barely ever to make sentences. As a result, with time we did not have any trouble knowing words, but forming correct sentences was more difficult. Later, we mastered that by writing them. What we did not learn was to actually speak the language fluently. I would suggest starting debates about certain topics, or any topic for that matter. In that way, we would learn to actually speak the language, and with each class we would contribute to that knowledge, so we could really use it outside the borders of our country, maybe even within them. Also, by doing debates, teachers could encourage students to stand up and speak, so they would lose their fear of performing in front of others at young age.

Lastly, I would like to discuss the odds of taking part in further education. This is also connected to the first problem that I have pointed out. We are graded with numbers and we have to take a final exam at the end of our secondary school and those numbers matter as scores if we want to educate ourselves further on. And that would be all right if those numbers did not affect our future in a negative way. Almost every faculty has a certain number of points you have to gain in order to get a place on a course. It feels like they think I cannot educate myself for a job that I want if I have not gotten enough points for that course. What does my score have to do with how good I would be at a certain job? I understand some of the jobs require a lot of thinking and you have to be smart for them. But I think that having perfect scores does not really make you smart. It just shows how good your memory is and how much time you actually have to study to get those perfect scores. That kind of system ends up allowing sociopaths to enter psychology faculty, so in the end patients themselves will heal patients? This might be a bizarre example, but think about it! If you have perfect scores,

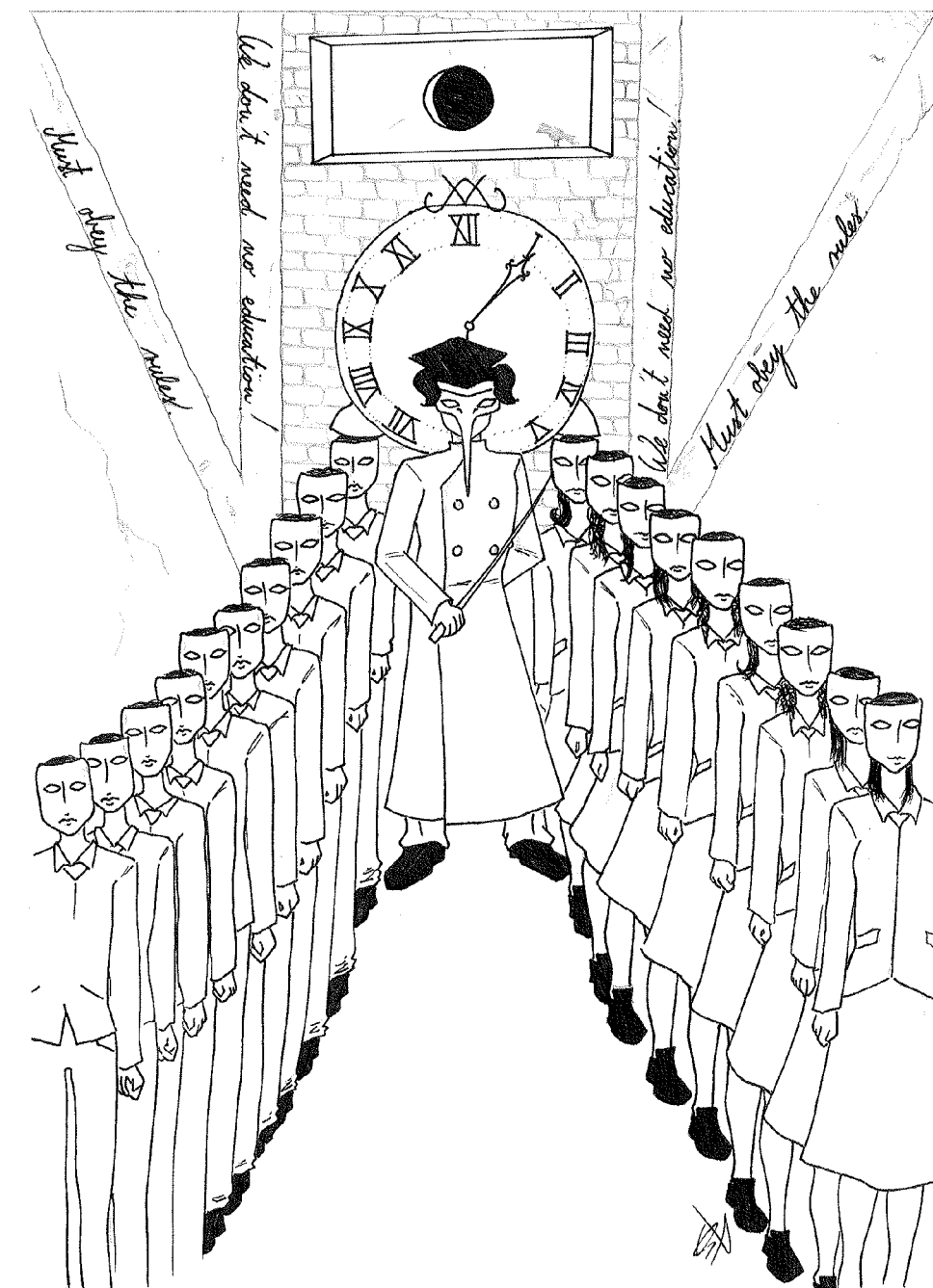
you can apply to almost any university even if you are completely wrong for the job that it educates you for. But if you have lower scores, your choice really is not between what you want to study and what you do not. You really cannot choose as much as others can. And so a chance for a nice bright future, with a job that you want, fades away right before your eyes, just like that. You end up getting a job that you do not really like and that leaves a lot of people depressed and unhappy with their lives, while people who have good scores enter the university which is not for them and do their jobs rather poorly. Imagine that is how some doctors got a degree. They might not even know what they are doing. Do you want to trust your body and your health to those people?

How would I change this? I would include university entrance exams. In this way you would be able to test yourself on how good you would actually be in a particular career and if you really want that. Then the university would be able to really pick people who would be best for their courses. I know some universities already do have them, but most do not for no apparent reason. The schools that have entrance exams are usually the ones for which a student has to have certain abilities, like drawing, having an ear for music, etc. But why did they just sort out the ones for which you have to be able to think in a certain way? Do they really think we can get brainwashed so easily and be taught things that we might not even be right for? If your abilities do not meet the needs of that certain career, you are left helpless. That is a fact.

In the end, I would like to point out that criticizing our education system is not really my intention. I have only pointed out three things that really bother me. Our system does not consist of only that; there are many things that are good and more than just acceptable in our system, which I did not even mention. I actually think that most knowledge that we gain in school can be used in real life. Finally, to all the teachers who are reading this, I meant nothing bad about you or the job that you do. I honestly respect your profession. You spread

knowledge to our minds, showing us that not everything is black and white. I must also point out that I have learned much more from some teachers than it was planned in the curriculum. What I mean by that is that I have been taught discipline and certain ways in which a person has to behave when interacting with others. I would actually like to thank the teachers who have contributed to teaching me, and put up with me all those years. Even though it may seem like I am revolting against every single thing my school has offered, I would like you to know that I have learned a lot and respect all of you who have taught me. I hope no one is insulted with my article, I just decided to write it since I hear complaints about our school daily, and I took the time to actually analyze what is really going on.

Sara Žnidaršič, 4. Kb



EDUCATION FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

Education is different around the world, and it would be hard to say what is already out there and what is not. So this is merely my point of view of what education should be like for a better future.

Is education important? Many young people do not see the value of education - it has simply become a matter of passing or failing exams. Of course, I am not saying education is not important. It is. But I personally believe that being graded on everything we do causes too much pressure. Students only study the material provided in school for a short period of time and then it is forgotten. And if your grades are not good, you think you are stupid, incompetent, and that they are the reflection of your abilities. I think that school has become an impersonal institution where you are not taught how to think but what to think.

In all fairness, our education system does have its good qualities. But times change and we need to be aware of that. There are a few things I would like to point out. Firstly, nowadays a lot of people suffer from mental health problems, such as depression, eating disorders, anxiety, self harm ... And we are taught too little about them. The media tell young women and men how they are supposed to look and behave to be accepted by society, but these standards are unrealistic. People should learn to love themselves and trust one another. If we became more educated in this field, we could relate more to others who are struggling with these problems and need help, and accept them.

Secondly, there are wars all over the world. But are they really necessary? Wars are usually about conquering land. They are political affairs, just fighting over having the most power. People are greedy, this is a fact. It might seem funny, but we should be educated about modesty, because if young people were taught to be modest and did not see money as the ruler of the world, they might become more understanding towards those in need, and would not feel the urge to act violently

and heartlessly towards one another and towards animals and nature. I feel it necessary to say that wars happening nowadays are religious affairs. If we were taught to think for ourselves, we would see that belonging to a religion does not mean we have the right to harm anyone who has different beliefs. I think teaching about tolerance towards others could prevent many wars in the future. I may sound naive to say this, but we are all people, and I could never understand the meaning of wars - truly, killing each other for what? To support selling weaponry? If half of the money that is invested in weapons and wars was used to help developing countries, the people there would also have a chance to be educated and maybe in the future they would contribute to the world. With that money, they could also discover the cure for cancer, or find the ultimate source of energy that would help out our polluted world.

To sum up, I think we should be taught to be kind to one another and realise that regardless of the amount of money and power you possess, it is never worth killing anyone for any reason. In the end, no one is born evil, greedy or vain, all is learnt. I know I am naive to hope for a perfect world, which does not exist, but maybe, just maybe, in the future education will make a difference.

Polona

SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS SHOULD BE FORBIDDEN IN SCHOOLS

Nowadays, surveillance cameras are everywhere - in cafés, shops, restaurants, schools, on the streets ... Somebody is always watching us. People use that footage to catch criminals. But what kind of criminals or crime do they expect to find in schools? Teenagers cuddling? Kids playing sports? The majority of people in schools usually would not commit a crime there. But, as always, there are rare exceptions.

On the one hand, I think surveillance cameras

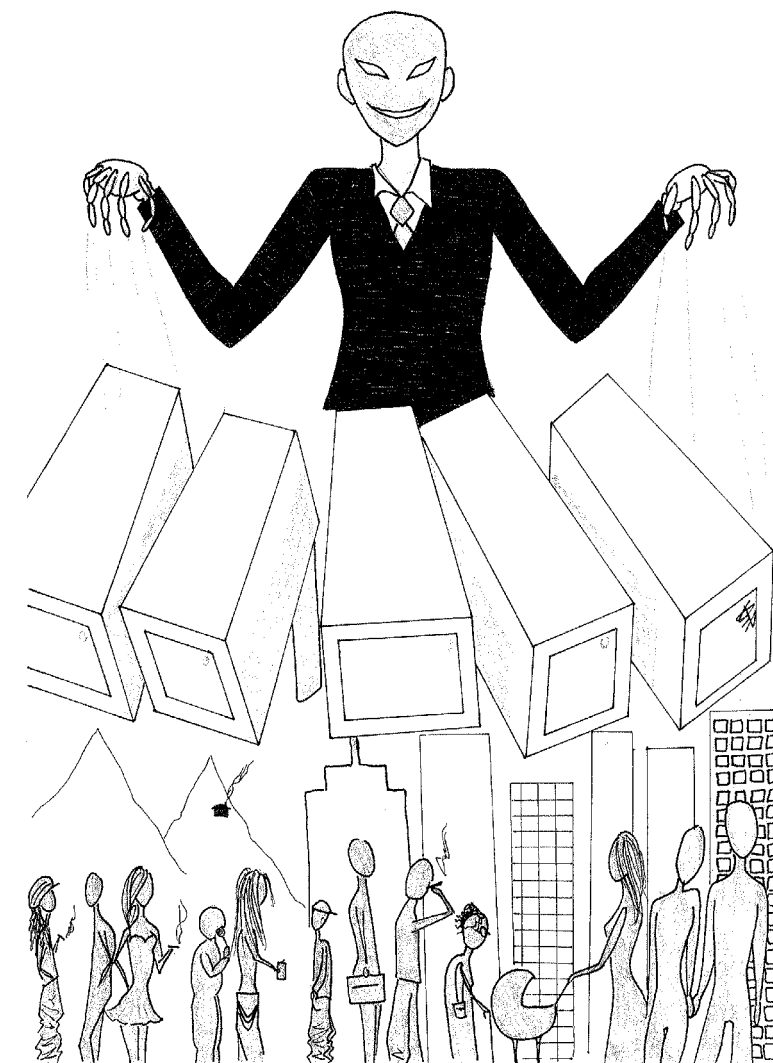
should be forbidden in schools because kids are not that harmful. I doubt someone would commit a serious crime in the middle of a crowd which is always in schools. Yes, people do fight sometimes, but they do it even if there are surveillance cameras around. So, obviously, surveillance cameras do not really scare them.

Another reason why surveillance cameras are not really necessary in schools is gossip. Every student and teacher knows all the latest and the oldest school gossip. If two students get in a fight and there is no teacher around, the teachers will probably hear about it soon. Nothing really stays a secret in school, at least not for long. What is more, I think that kids, if they were to commit a crime, would not do it in school.

On the other hand, I do think it is not too bad to have surveillance cameras in schools. Despite all of the reasons mentioned above, people can sometimes get way out of line. Students, teachers or other school staff can do inexplicable things.

To sum up, surveillance cameras in schools are not really necessary, but they do help in extreme cases. I am personally not really bothered by them, but some people are. Serious crimes do not usually happen in schools. And catching teens with a cigarette really is not what these cameras are intended for.

Ana Stružnik. 3. Zb



PRISON SHOULD BE MORE ABOUT PUNISHMENT THAN REHABILITATION

In my opinion prison should not be more about punishment than rehabilitation. Prisoners are there for a reason in the first place, and they certainly should be punished. But I think that everyone deserves a second chance, particularly those who have committed less serious crimes, like robbery, fraud, traffic violations and so on.

Some people were raised thinking that some things are right, although they are not. Some of them did not have a choice, because they had to feed their family. And some, probably most of them, committed a crime because they did not know better. Whatever the reason, we should help them if they want to get out of prison and become a better person. Probably not all prisoners know that they did something wrong and blame others for their mistakes, but we can at least help the ones that really deserve it.

Prisoners could have an option to do something for the community, like doing charity work, helping seniors, cleaning the streets and so on. In this way they would not be so bored and could ask for parole earlier. It would make the world a much better place and also teach prisoners right from wrong.

I really like the idea of prisoners adopting a dog from an animal shelter. I have seen it on the internet and television, and it is probably the best idea that I have heard of in a long time. They both need a companion and they have both been neglected by society. Of course, not everyone would be fit for this and prisoners should be under surveillance when they are with their dogs.

In the end, I think that a good person could not do harm to a dog, so he deserves a second chance.

Nika Jereb, 4. Fa



MONEY AND HAPPINESS GO HAND IN HAND

It is clear that money is an important factor in our lives. Nowadays, it is pretty much impossible to live without it. A major question to consider is whether money is really what brings happiness to our lives.

Firstly, money is the key to living a normal life, so it does somehow bring happiness in a package. Everything costs these days, for example education or food, and if we fulfil our fundamental needs, we are happy and can move on to the higher level needs. There are actually some psychological studies on this matter already.

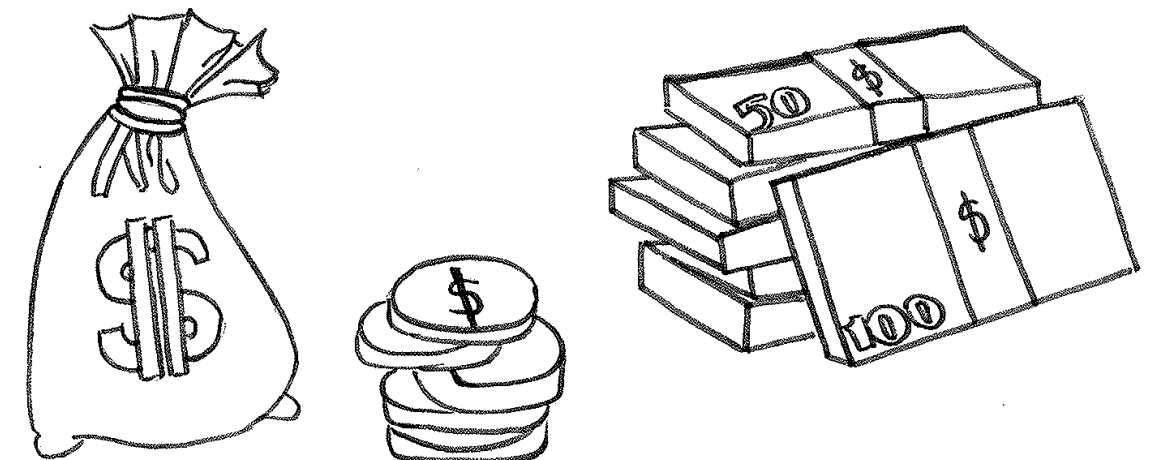
In addition, people who are incredibly wealthy have very happy lives. For example,

an American boxer, Floyd Mayweather, is one of those lucky ones. He retired from boxing a year ago and now lives happily. In all of his pictures, you can see him with a wide smile on his face, enjoying life to the fullest. And what made that possible? Money of course.

However, it is not like that for everybody. For some individuals money is the evilest thing there is in this world, and that is why they choose to live without it. They somehow manage to survive such a life and are actually happy living it as they only work for nice words and out of their own good will.

Thus, taking into account all the people that money has made happy, I would agree with the statement. The more money people have, the happier they are, and sadly, that is probably never going to change.

Jan Ban, 4. Fb



SARA NOVAK

THE LIFE OF CELEBRITIES IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

Celebrities are famous individuals who receive public attention, usually via media, like the TV news, the internet and so on. They gain their fame by doing things that fascinate and entertain people, for example starring in a film, working in the theatre, being a famous athlete, singer or dancer. We also have some people who become famous just because of their appearance, money and even because

of their attitude. When the word "celebrity" or "famous" pops up in our heads, we usually think of wealth, fabulous and glamorous things, but that is not always the case.

Let us take a look at the marvellous side of the life of a celebrity. To start with, celebrities are usually the ones with the most wealth and

rich life. They can buy almost whatever they want. In addition to this, they live a pretty easy life, as it seems at first glance. They can have people do basic things for them, financial problems are almost never on their "to worry about list", and finally, everybody knows them. They can have a feeling that they have done something in and with their life, that they can accomplish their dreams and goals.

On the other hand, not everything always goes so smoothly. First of all, if everybody knows them, they have no privacy in their life. Everyone wants to know what they are doing. That is why the media send paparazzi to spy on them. They practically cannot live a normal life. Secondly, the word famous does not really go good with the word safe. Every time they go out, they risk being robbed or even killed. That is why celebrities have their own personal body guards. Last but not least, the sad truth is that sometimes celebrities cannot be themselves. They have to act in a certain way to appeal to the public. They have to change their looks so they can keep up with the standards.

All things considered, I think being a celebrity is still worth it. We know good actors and singers who live a quiet life, but are also very successful. They may not be talked about in the media all the time, but they still live their dreams and keep their personal life private at the same time.

Karin Kapelj, 3. Fc

THE LIFE OF CELEBRITIES IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

Celebrities are famous people worldwide. Most people know them for being singers, actors, supermodels, etc. They usually own a lot of money and have many expensive houses and cars. Seems like a dream come true, right? Well, I believe it is not as dreamy as it seems.

To start with advantages, in my opinion, the biggest advantage is that you do not have to

introduce yourself anymore. I have a big alter ego, and not needing to introduce myself to anyone anymore would probably add a lot to it. Secondly, when you are famous, you talk a lot about yourself on TV, have interviews, are seen on the red carpet, etc. So if you are a good person, people can actually learn something from you. Finally, the third advantage of being a celebrity is that you get to have private parties, private buses, cars, planes and yachts since you have enough money to afford all this.

On the other hand, being a celebrity has its disadvantages. I think the biggest disadvantage is having absolutely no privacy. The moment you step out of the hotel room or your house, you get mobbed by paparazzi and fans. And since technology is so progressive, people can follow your every single step. They can see where you have been, how you look at the moment, where you have gotten drunk, etc. In addition to this, you probably lose your patience pretty soon. If I were a celebrity, I would probably be the most hated one since I have zero patience for annoying people. I would probably be in headlines of Forbes or People every week for beating another photographer. Last but not least, you work really hard. Sure, the money is good, but you work 24/7 for it sometimes. However, when you decide to take a break and go on vacation, you can be there for the whole month.

All things considered, I would not want to be a celebrity. I am the person who needs a lot of privacy and I surely would not be able to stand paparazzi for long. I mentioned before: I am highly impatient with annoying people and I would end up in headlines every week. Plus, having so much money is not fun for me because once you are rich and you have all those millions or maybe even billions, nothing is a challenge anymore, and you stop appreciating what you have, you want more and more and you become greedy.

Teja Kovačević, 3. Za

THE LIFE OF CELEBRITIES IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

Celebrities are people who are famous, such as musicians, TV personalities, athletes and others.

At first, I am going to present the advantages of being a celebrity. To start with, you have a lot of money, so you can afford what you previously could not. In addition to this, some of celebrities also donate money to charity organisations, like UNICEF, World Wild Fund for Nature or others. If you donate money or help with your knowledge, you do a lot of good to society. Finally, you do not have to wait in lines, you know a lot of people, you can be in advertising companies and other.

On the other hand, there are also some disadvantages. First of all, you always have to think of good publicity. So you have to act nicely to the fans even when they are not nice to you. Secondly, you do not have any privacy; people are always bugging you on every step. You can hardly afford a peaceful lunch or dinner in town. Even on the streets, people are taking photos of you and asking for autographs. Last but not least, people expect too much and sometimes this pressure gets stressful.

All things considered, being a celebrity is a good thing, but you have to know how to deal with your fans and public life.

Nika Lapanja, 3. Fc



YOU ARE WHAT YOU WEAR

You are what you wear actually means that if your dress code is good, so is your personality. But I do not agree with that. In my opinion, everyone should wear whatever he thinks looks good on him.

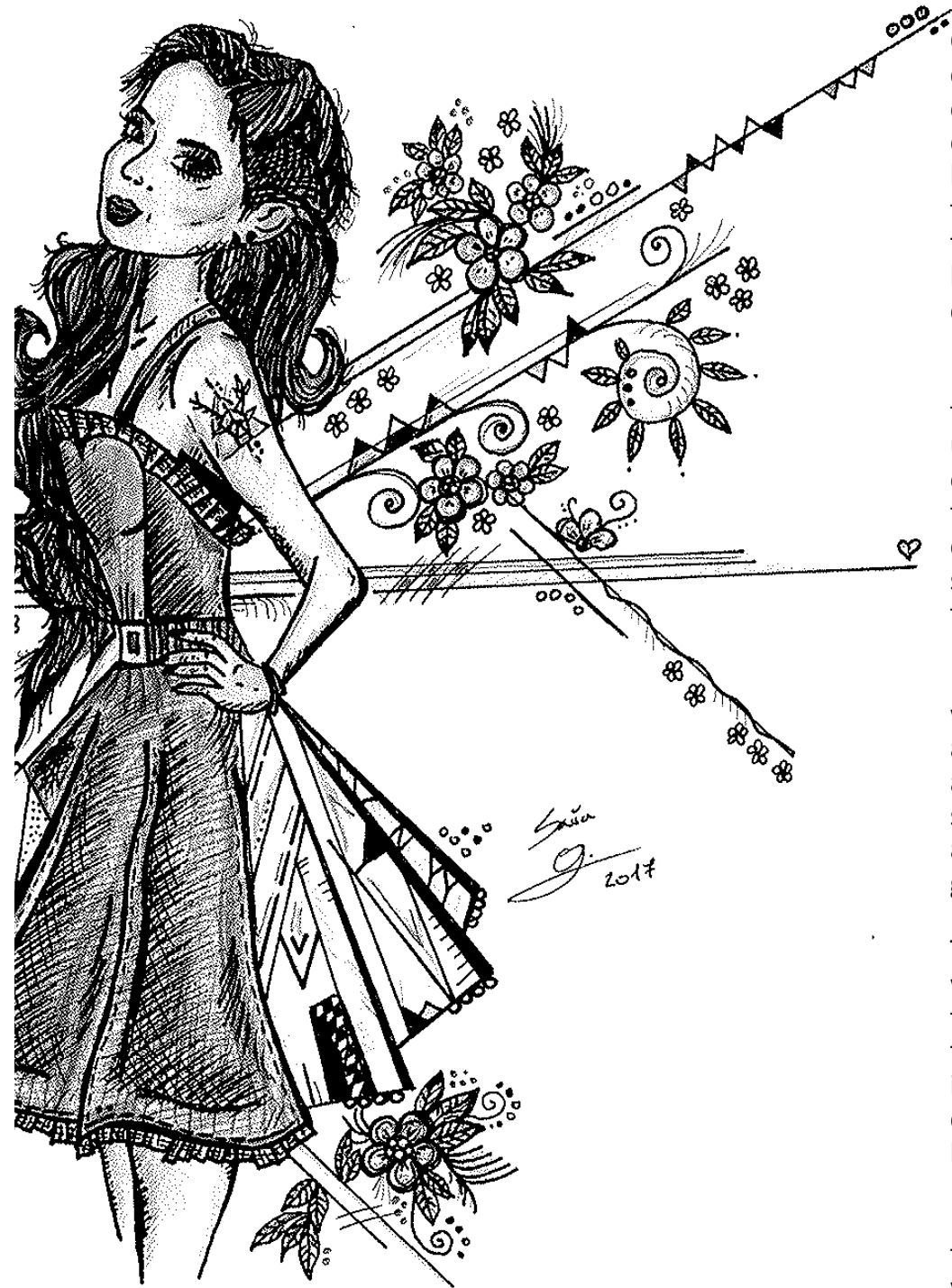
Today clothes are really important, and especially as a teenager you are often judged by what is on your body. However, I think that people should look into others' brain before judging the person. It does not matter if your outfit is "trash" as long as your intelligence is normal. Take the founder of Apple, Steve Jobs, who was dressed like an ordinary person all his life, but in his head he had a vision that created one of the biggest and most successful companies of our time.

But I must confess that to me and my friends, clothes are important and this is really fun. It is like a game, and you get inspired by whatever you think looks good. For me personally, there is a connection between me and my clothes, because I have pieces for which I have great memories wearing them. My fashion is influenced strongly by celebrities from the USA and Europe. Nowadays fashion trends mostly come from America. Around 70 percent of trends are set in the United States. For the last two years, Kanye West has been making big and historic moves in the fashion industry.

Nowadays, fashion has turned into a serious gold mine for designers and other clothing industries. For example, people are paying up to \$1000 for distressed denim, like sweaters and even jeans. If we look at Kanye West's brand Yeezy, his sneakers sell up to \$2,000, and people buy them and they do not even wear them. It is sad to look at those people who have completely misunderstood the meaning of fashion.

In conclusion, a piece of clothing does not need to be expensive to look good. You can dress yourself for little money if you are smart enough.

Denis Marguč, 3. Zb



YOU ARE WHAT YOU WEAR

Clothes are a big part of our lives. We put on clothes every morning before we go to school or work, we dress up differently for special events, such as formal clothes for important business meetings or elegant dresses and tuxedos for weddings. But a lot of people's favourite part of the day is when they come home and can change from their everyday clothes to more comfortable ones.

I think clothes are very important, at least to the majority of people. Clothes represent us - what kind of clothes we like, what kind of patterns we like, or we can even show our favourite colours with our clothes. Clothes can be the first impression when we meet someone and they can often tell a lot about their personality.

People express themselves with what they wear. Sometimes we can even predict how a person feels based on their clothes. There are also some unique groups of people - subcultures that wear similar clothes and accessories, for example Goths, hipsters, gangs, skaters and many more.

The taste in clothes changes over time as we get older. From kid's clothes we start to wear more mature ones. The biggest transformation of our taste probably happens in our teenage years. Fashion trends, which change constantly through years, also have a big influence on our taste in clothes.

I think fashion trends should not influence us too much. We should wear what we want, what we are most comfortable in, and should not worry about what other people think of our clothes.

Denis Petek, 3. Zb

YOU ARE WHAT YOU WEAR

Some people say that you are what you wear. But is there really a connection between clothes and personality? That is a question that every person can answer only for themselves.

I cannot say that I am what I wear, because I do not decide what kind of clothes I am going to wear based on my personality. I do not even decide what I am going to wear based on my feelings. When you are sad, it feels good to wear clothes that are too big or to wear a tracksuit, but many people do not wear tracksuits to school, so we cannot tell how they are feeling.

On the one hand, people are what they wear. People wear what they want. And we can see if a person is trashy and does not care for anything. This kind of people usually wear old ripped clothes and they spend money on other things that are "more" important to them, like cigarettes, drugs or alcohol. We can also see if a person is happy, because happy people wear bright clothes. Still, that is not true for everyone. I usually do not wear bright clothes, so people cannot say if I am a happy person or not. People who are kind of dark inside because of the things that happened in their past usually wear black. However, many people really like black and wear it all the time, so again they can be happy despite the colour.

But on the other hand, there is not always a connection between clothes and personality. Some people do not have money to afford to buy clothes they want. They buy clothes that are cheap or get them for free. This kind of people cannot really choose. One such example can be refugees and migrants, some of whom have hardly any money and they all look like they are unhappy. Furthermore, people who have to wear some kind of clothes because of their religion cannot really show with clothes what their personality is like. Like Muslim girls who have to wear *burkhas*, in which they only show their eyes.

To sum up, we cannot say for certain that

we are what we wear. Some people do not or cannot show with their clothes what kind of people they are. In my opinion, we should never judge people according to their clothes only.

Tjaša Psenner, 3. Zb

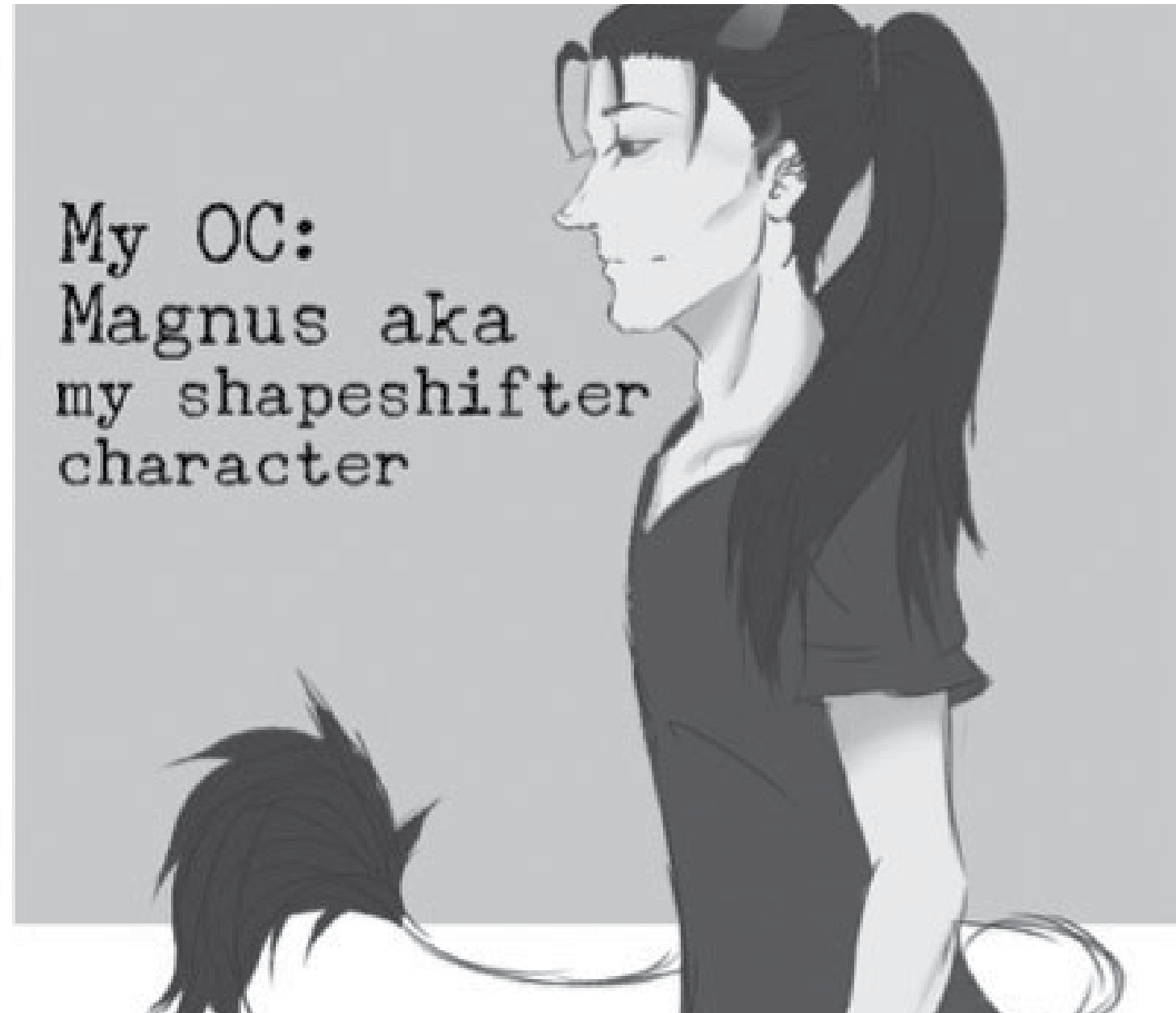
WHAT IF I HAD SUPERPOWERS?

Usually, when you ask someone what superpower they would have, it is always flying or being invisible. I must say both of those are fun and awesome, but they have limitations. If I chose a superpower, it would be shape-shifting. You might ask yourself why exactly shape-shifting. Simple answer of course, you have almost no limitations and it is very useful. With that power you can actually be whatever you want!

If you wanted to fly, you could just shape-shift into a bird, or just give yourself wings. If you wanted to breathe under water, why not turn into a mermaid or merman? You could do anything if you had such an ability.

Shape-shifting is not limited just to animals or fantasy creatures, you could also choose to be any human on earth. What fun would it be to let us say change randomly into your friend to play a trick on them, or you could even look like your favourite celebrity. Of course, if that was not according to your taste, you would not need to change completely. Imagine just changing your body shape, hair colour, gender, eye colour, etc. Sounds pretty sweet, no? And does it not sound convenient that if you gained weight, you could just go back to your previous body weight in a second? There are many choices that come with this power, and for me, being a very indecisive person, that is great.

With a certain power come certain responsibilities too. With a power like that you could commit any crime and blame it on something else that does not exist, or someone who is actually innocent. I certainly would not do that, though. I would use it just

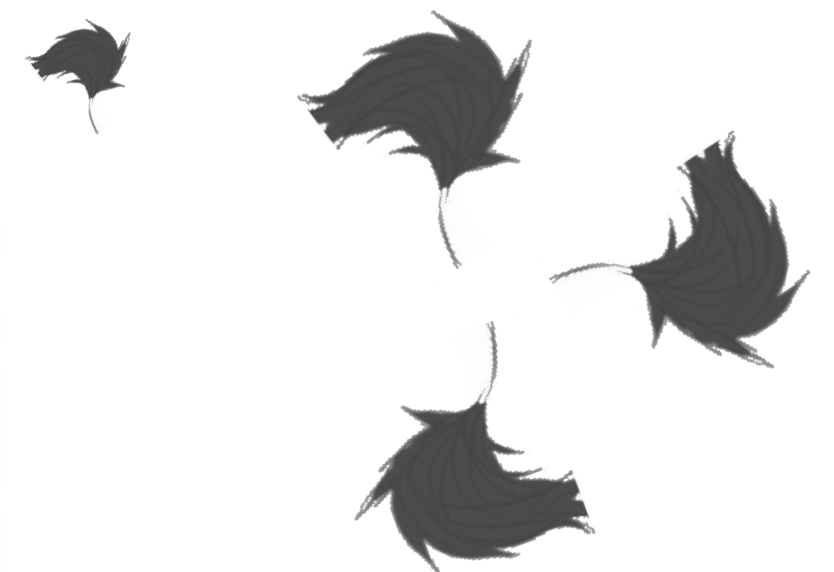


for fun and to experience new things, like flying with my own wings, feeling the light air go through my feathers.

I am a huge fan of fantasy movies, stories, books and art; I even draw fantasy art a lot. A lot of my fantasy art includes monsters or ancient beings. I have OC's (official characters) that are half human, half animal hybrids like they had them in ancient Greece and many other things.

That is the reason behind choosing shape-shifting as my superpower.

Sara Kosmač, 3. Za



Another superpower I would love to have is being able to read some people's thoughts. Of course, I do not care about everyone's thoughts, but if I could read some people's minds, that would be great. I believe I could change the things on me that bother my friends so we would have a better friendship.

The last superpower I would love to have is supernatural strength. I am from Ljubljana and crime is increasing here. Sometimes I am afraid to even leave my house at night, and every time I walk home on my own in the dark, I always look over my shoulder if there is someone behind me. I do not feel comfortable with muscular guys behind my back on Friday night, especially if they are staring at me like I am a fresh piece of meat and they are hungry wolves.

Apart from that, I do not wish for any other superpower. I am okay with being a regular teenager, and if I had a chance to be someone else than me, I would still choose to be me. I believe that with superpowers your life gets boring, because you know everything, have everything and nothing challenges you anymore.

Teja Kovačević, 3. Za

WHAT IF I HAD SUPERPOWERS?

I believe most people dream of being invisible, having the ability to read thoughts or having the ability to fly. Many people wish to see their future before it has happened. Unlike them, I like my future to surprise me when it is meant to happen. I am Cancer; I do not want to see my future, I want to forget my past. But if I had superpowers, I would love to have the ability to fly. It happens quite often that I miss my bus, or I am late for school, so being able to fly would be handy every now and then. Although I have a two-minute walk to the bus stop, I still miss my bus every now and then.

SCHÜLERMEINUNGEN

EINE REISE NACH ÄGYPTEN

Als ich 13 Jahre alt war, entschloss sich meine Familie, in den Sommerferien nach Ägypten zu reisen. Da musste viel geplant werden. Zuerst gingen meine Eltern ins Reisebüro, dort reservierten sie zwei Hotelzimmer. Danach mussten sie noch Flugkarten besorgen.

Als sie mir sagten, ich soll mir nur das wichtigste mitnehmen, geriet ich in Panik, weil mein Koffer zu klein war. Deshalb machte ich eine Checkliste. Zuerst musste ich ganz dringend meinen Pass finden. Danach packte ich zwei Badeanzüge, eine Sonnenbrille und einen Hut ein, um mich von der Sonne zu beschützen und natürlich durfte ich die Sonnencreme nicht vergessen. Die Badetücher brauchte ich nicht, weil es in der Hotelbeschreibung stand, dass das Hotel eigene Badetücher hat. Natürlich kann ich nicht nur im Badeanzug herum spazieren, deshalb packte ich noch ein paar Kleider, kurze Hosen und T-Shirts ein. Ich musste mir noch warme Klamotten für den Rückweg einpacken, weil es kalt sein könnte. Ich durfte auch nicht meine Zahnbürste, Zahnpasta und Haarbürste vergessen. Meine Mutter packte noch ein paar Medikamente ein, die gegen Durchfall helfen. Leider halfen sie nicht....

Als die Zeit kam, sich zu verabschieden, schlossen meine Eltern noch alle Fenster und Türen im Haus und gaben die Hausschlüssel meiner Großmutter. Dabei gaben sie ihr noch Verpflichtungen: unsere Blumen gießen, den Hund füttern und die Enten und Hühner morgens auslassen und abends einsperren. Danach fuhren wir mit dem Auto zum Flughafen. Ich freute mich sehr, zum ersten Mal mit dem Flugzeug zu fliegen, aber dabei hatte ich auch viel Angst.

Der Urlaub war echt fantastisch und ich hatte viel Spaß. Aber leider vergaß ich, mich mit der Sonnencreme einzuschmieren und bekam deshalb einen schlimmen Sonnenbrand.

Erika Čoper, 4. L

HOTEL MAMA

Heutzutage wissen wir, dass es keine Schande ist, wenn jemand immer noch bei seinen Eltern lebt, obwohl er oder sie schon über 30 ist.

Der Grund dafür ist ganz logisch. Wenn man noch Student oder arbeitslos ist, hat man kein Geld für eine eigene Wohnung. Bei den Eltern braucht man die Miete nicht zu bezahlen und man braucht sich keine Sorgen um das Essen zu machen, weil die Mama immer für alles sorgt. Trotz all der Fürsorge der Eltern wäre es nett, wenn Jugendliche ab und zu ein wenig helfen würden, um es ihnen irgendwie zurückzahlen, vielleicht ein wenig mit der Hausarbeit.

Aber Hotel Mama hat nicht nur gute Seiten, sondern auch schlechte. Wenn man bei den Eltern wohnt, wird man nie richtig selbstständig. Man muss die Regeln der Eltern beachten. Das kann schnell zu Konflikten führen. Außerdem ist es ein Problem, wenn man eine Beziehung hat oder wenn man schon verheiratet ist, erst dann werden die Eltern richtig hartnäckig, weil sie glauben, dass ihre Kinder immer noch klein sind und ihre Hilfe brauchen. Deswegen ziehen dann viele Jugendliche von Zuhause weg, damit sie selbstständig ihre Familie gründen können. Aber obwohl sie weggezogen sind, um ihr eigenes Leben zu leben, kommen sie oft wieder zurück nach Hause, um ihre Eltern zu besuchen.

Erika Čoper, 4. L

HOTEL MAMA

Viele Junge Leute wohnen immer noch bei ihren Eltern, weil sie keine Arbeit bekommen, sie studieren immer noch oder sie haben keinen Partner und wollen deshalb nicht ausziehen.

Es ist zurzeit sehr schwer, eine Arbeit zu bekommen. Viele beenden ihr Studium und haben ihr Diplom, ihren Magister- oder Dokortitel, aber sie finden keine Arbeit. Deshalb verdienen sie kein Geld und sie können sich keine eigene Wohnung leisten. Viele haben auch keinen Mut auszuziehen und ihr eigenes Leben zu beginnen.

Im Hotel Mama ist es sehr gemütlich, denn die Mutter macht alles. Sie kocht und macht den Haushalt. Die Jugendlichen machen sich keine Sorgen um die Kosten für den Strom, das Wasser, die Heizung und so weiter. Aber das ist nicht richtig, weil sie nicht lernen, selbstständig zu sein und Verantwortung zu übernehmen.

Ich bin 18 Jahre alt und wohne immer noch bei meinen Eltern, weil ich noch die Schule besuche. Wenn ich weiter studieren gehe, werde ich noch bei meinen Eltern wohnen. Ich werde erst dann ausziehen, wenn ich meine Ausbildung beende, einen Job finde und mein eigenes Geld verdiene.

Neža Drnovšek, 4. Fa

MEINE TRAUMFAMILIE

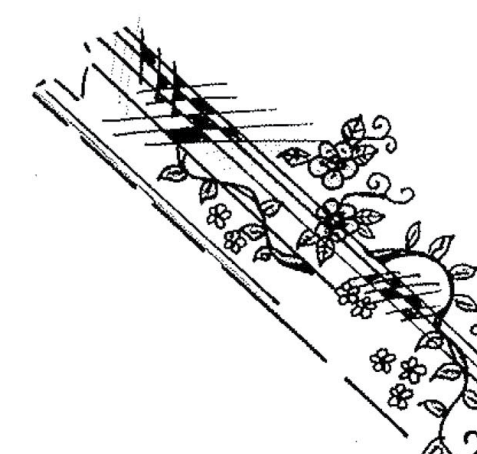
Meine Traumfamilie wäre sehr groß. Ich hätte einen wunderbaren Ehemann, der eine gut bezahlte Arbeit hätte, damit er viel Geld verdienen könnte. So würde er gut für unsere Familie sorgen.

Dann hätte ich auch viele Kinder, von drei bis fünf. Sie wären sehr sportlich, brav und hilfsbereit. Die Kinder würden mehr Zeit draußen als drinnen am Computer verbringen. Sie wären auch sehr höflich und würden jedem helfen und am wichtigsten ist es, dass sie keinen Ärger machen würden.

Wir würden in einem Haus auf einem Hügel wohnen. Da wären auch Wälder und Wiesen um uns herum. Das Haus hätte drei Stockwerke und in jedem Stockwerk wären ein Badezimmer und eine Küche mit einem vollen Kühlschrank. Da gäbe es nur ein Wohnzimmer, damit die ganze Familie in

einem Zimmer zusammen die Zeit verbringen könnte. Das Haus hätte auch zwei Balkons, wo wir sitzen und eine Tasse Tee oder Kaffee trinken könnten. Dabei würden wir die schöne Landschaft genießen und uns ausruhen.

Erika Čoper, 4. L



LEISURE AND PLEASURE

MY BAND

Summer was coming to an end and our band was just about to meet. We call ourselves Green Piss. It is not really a formal, nor is it a usual name for a band. Till this day I do not really know why we are called that, but I guess it has been chosen on the spur of the moment.

I am not the founder of the band. I joined Green Piss after they had lost the singer. They were holding auditions and ended up choosing me. I did not really need to show much of my skills that day. Green Piss had known of my singing from before. They had once seen me perform. We had shared a stage together, but we had been separate acts. I had performed at Orto Bar as a solo act and they as a band, and that is how we met. Since they chose me, I reckon that they were impressed with my voice. Also, the bassist of the band is my brother. They all knew I was the voice of Green Piss when I entered that audition room.

"Sara! Can you focus?" A voice pierced right through my ear. I guess that the flashback lasted longer in my head than it seemed. I raised my look towards the voice which brought me back and faced our mentor, Matej Mršnik. "Yeah, sorry, man. What were you saying?"

Matej is one of the best mentors we could ever have. He performed with many well-known Slovenian artists. At one concert when he played with Big Foot Mama they declared him the best Slovenian guitarist. There are also rumors he has once turned them down to perform with Laibach.

"I wanted to ask you how your song writing is going. Do we have any new material?" he said a bit nervously, since he probably had already

asked me that question.

"I've written tons of new material this summer. I am more than ready to try them out, but I have some issues with writing the solo riff for the guitar," I admitted and slightly lowered my head.

Usually I do not have that kind of trouble. When I write songs, I also write parts for all the instruments, but I must admit that I pay most of the attention to bass because I am a bassist as well. I sometimes also take that role in the band.

"Oh well, I can help you out," Klemen leaned closer to me and smiled. He is one of the guitarists in the band. And also my boyfriend. Our band has two guitarists. One usually does the solo parts while the other takes care of the rhythm, but they are always more than happy to actively switch roles. The other guitarist's name is Tej. He does not talk much. He is quite an introvert! Also, he is the youngest in the band, but when you see him play, your jaw drops.

Luka, the bassist and also my brother, nodded.

"So, how does it go?" he asked curiously.

"I thought we could start with A minor, then follow up to an E," I started but then paused. "Why don't you pass me the guitar and I'll show you?" I asked and extended my hand towards Klemen, so he would hand me his guitar.

As I got the guitar, I first strummed a few random chords to warm myself up and then began with the song. Our band usually plays most sorts of rock and punk genres. This song sounded like a rock ballad with some grunge roots.

When I finished, a long moment of silence occurred. I finally raised my look from the guitar, giving my band members an



embarrassed smile. But when I looked at them, they were all smiling!

"I like it. I love the flow, I love the melody and the rhythm fits the vocals perfectly!" Matej said and sat behind the drums. "Do you have any suggestions how the drums could sound in the song?" he asked. He is also playing the drums in the band for now. He is kind of a multi-instrumentalist and ever since we lost the drummer, he has been playing the drums. The story about how we lost the drummer is too long and complicated to explain in detail, so let us just say that he left for personal reasons. Nevertheless, our band is a well-oiled machine and we have continued just fine without him.

I think that the most important thing that band members should share is their interest, love and passion for music. Because then a song is never just a song. It is the expression of everyone's emotions inside the melody, the rhythm ...



Sara Žnidaršič, 4. Kb

SCOUTS

Six years ago, I joined Vrhnika's local scout group called Rod Enajsta Šola. For three years, I was a member of its smaller group, along with six of my peers and our guide Petra. We called ourselves Izgubljeni nezemljani. Then, when I finished primary school, at the age of fifteen, I became a guide to 6 kids. They decided to name our group Tičutič.

Over the three years of being their guide, I have come to love and respect them. Each of them is unique and special. Matic is an aspiring actor, Tinkara loves animals and wishes to go to veterinary school, Siebe is from the Netherlands and loves football, his sister Jitske is a gymnast, Martin is more of a computer geek and he also likes to ride his bike, and Nik loves photography and wants to become a famous photographer.

Four of them are going to become guides at the end of this school year at our annual summer camp, and I could not be more proud. They are troublemakers, but so is every scout until they become a guide, so I am not worried. I am sure they will be great guides to their groups and that the kids from their groups will turn out to be good scouts.

Ana Stružnik, 3. Zb



Going Indian



At the campfire



The "wedding"



Playing the guitar



The initiation

SPIRITUAL REALITY IN SCOUTING

When I read forums about any theme concerning scouts, I always find someone that claims that our vow about spiritual reality is just an addition that allows us to be members of the World Association of Scouts Movement.

They claim that there is nothing spiritual in scouting and that we are just the remains of the previous regime.

We proved that wrong in a meeting where 15 random scouts from different parts of Slovenia came together. We sat down and talked about what spirituality meant to us, about our favourite moments from camps, favourite things that we had learnt and the people we had had the opportunity to meet. Through the activities and memoirs of our most precious scouting experiences we have learned that the meaning of spirituality is not just your belief in something, performing rituals and always thanking for what you are given. All that is spirituality, all right, but the real spirituality is in us. It is our creativity, our inspiration, love for one's fellow man, helping others, concern for the environment, and ultimately, a wish and tendency to leave this world at least a little better than it was when you were born into it. We express it with our actions and with our attitude towards ourselves, others and nature. We simultaneously develop spiritually and find spiritual reality, which means something different to each individual scout.

You can find all of that in each scout. Even a six-year-old scout knows it is nice to offer help to someone who needs it or just share candy. He learns how to take care of the environment and admire what he is given. The whole group of scouts from his region encourages him to do well and help the community. Expressing his opinion in words and actions is the reflection of his soul and character.

Spirituality is in scouts. With our work and involvement in the community we show that we are not just the remains of the previous regime and that politics do not matter to us. We are just a cluster of young people, aiming at creating a better world.

Ana Stružnik, 3. Zb

WEIRDEST SPORTS

Wife-carrying

If you thought the Finns were progressive and all about gender equality, think again. This is a country that invented the sport of “wife-carrying,” sometimes known as “wife running.” The sport is basically an annual competition where husbands run an obstacle course while carrying their wives on their backs. The winner supposedly receives his wife’s weight in beer. The most famous competition is held in Sonkjärvi, Finland, where the sport was invented. There are different carrying styles, including piggybacking, fireman’s carry and the Estonian-style, where the woman hangs upside-down with her legs around the man’s shoulders. The sport has spread to other parts of the world, including the USA and Australia. Sounds like a great way to spend some quality time!



Dog surfing competition

The annual Surf City Surf Dog competition takes place at Huntington Beach near Los Angeles. More than 2,500 people come to watch this competition every year and to cheer for their favourites. Dogs of all breeds

and sizes surf the waves alongside their owners. The owners train their dogs to surf on the water, and if they win, they raise money for charity. Last year, there were around 65 competitors. The winner also gets dog treats and a medal.

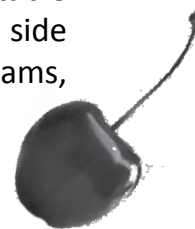


Bossaball

Bossaball is a spectacular new and unusual sport invented in Spain by Filip Eyckmans. He developed the concept in 2004. It is similar to volleyball, but it also includes elements of football, gymnastics and capoeira. The game is played on a specially designed inflatable court with a circular trampoline on each side of a net. It is a ball game between two teams, each consisting of 3 to 5 players.

Cherry-pit spitting championship

It was created in 1974 to celebrate the local cherry harvest. It is an amateur sport in which the competitors try to spit the pit (the seed) of a cherry from their mouth as far as they



can. Cherry-pit spitting competition is held annually in Michigan, U.S.A. The 2014’s winner was Brian “Young Gun” Krause: the Krause family have claimed 26 of the 41 available titles since the event launched.

Camel wrestling

Camel wrestling is a 2,400-year-old Turkish spectator sport. It takes place in Selçuk, on the Aegean coast of Turkey at the beginning of every year and lasts until March. It is held

during mating season. The camels fight by using their necks to force the opponent to fall down.

Sources:

<http://www.escapehere.com/inspiration/10-weirdest-sports-in-the-world/>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherry_pit_spitting

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Camel_wrestling

Class 1. Za

AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE RESEARCH CAMP IN POSOČJE

I am Neža Mavri and I would like to tell you about the research camp, which I and 17 other students attended at the beginning of this school year. Only a few of the best students from our school were invited to join, so it was really special to be a part of it. Teachers, Ms. Povhe Lenart, Ms. Dimnik and Ms. Kopčavar, took us to Posočje for 3 days, from 7th to 9th September 2016.

We started our tour on Wednesday at 6.30 a.m., when we loaded our luggage on the bus and took a ride to Sredipolje, or Redipuglia, as the Italians call it. It is a small town in Italy, where we saw the gorgeous Memorial. It is the largest memorial in Italy, dedicated to the soldiers who fell in the First World War. We also took a look at the open-air exhibition, where we were able to see actual things from WW1. Later the same day, we took a

ride to Tolmin, and from there the bus took us up the narrow road to Javorca, where Memorial Church of the Holy Spirit is. It was built by Hungarian soldiers during the fights on the Isonzo Front (Soška fronta). It is mostly wooden and blue-coloured on the inside. After that we explored the nearby bunkers and picked flowers we knew we were going to need later. After that we headed for Kobarid, where some of us (boys, of course) swam in the Nadiža River, and then we finally drove to Livške Ravne, where we were accommodated in CŠOD Kavka.

Livške ravne is really small, its population is less than 20 people, but it is actually a nice place. On Thursday morning, we borrowed bikes and took a ride to Kolovrat, where the guide told us a few things about WW1. After that we continued to pick flowers and we kept picking them all the way back to Livške ravne.

As we arrived back at ČŠOD, we started making posters and exhibits for our school exhibition. Most of the flowers we had picked were used to make hydrosols. However, we did not just work all the time. We had a lot of fun, played some games, sang, and the most important, we hung out and made new friends.

On Friday morning, we grabbed our personal luggage and things we needed for the school exhibition, put them on the bus and set out on a journey. Our first stop was Kozjak Waterfall, which was just amazing. After that we went back to Ljubljana, where we ended our camp by setting the exhibition, waving goodbye to our new friends and spreading to all parts of Slovenia.

I am really grateful I could be a part of this camp, for meeting all the amazing people, making new friends and learning so many useful things in a different way. I can certainly say I had never enjoyed the very beginning of the school year that much, and I really hope there will be another such camp in the forthcoming years. I would like to thank everybody who helped that this camp could become reality.

Neža Mavri, 2. Fb



The Nadiža River



The lucky participants

WORK PLACEMENT IN RIGA

In October 2016, five students from our school (three laboratory technicians and two cosmetic technicians) did practical training in the capital city of Latvia, in Riga. It lasted three weeks. We lived in a lavish and spacious apartment in the city centre and our workplaces were within walking distance from the apartment.



The cosmetic technicians worked in a cosmetic clinic, called 4.Dimensija. The clinic is divided into three parts: the beauty salon, the hairdressing salon and the beauty clinic. We mostly did facials and body massages.

We gained new knowledge in the field of rejuvenation, body shaping, skin diagnostics, hydro massage and laser treatment for fungal nails.



We also participated in Baltic Beauty Forum, where we were models for facial and body shaping for the brand GMT Beauty. In the Forum, there were some cosmetic companies unknown to us, and also some that we were familiar with, like LCN, Gelish, Alessandro, Depil ève, etc. There were also various competitions, such as total look, massage, elongation of eyelashes and nail art.

However, in the three weeks' time, we did not only work, but we also had an opportunity to explore the city of Riga and see its sights, for example the ZOO, the National Opera and Ballet, the National Gallery, the National Museum of Art, the War Museum, the Freedom Monument, the Three Brothers, St. Peter's Church, Riga Cathedral, the House of Blackheads, the National Library and others. We also went to the coastal town Jurmala, where we visited P. Stradins Medical College, our partner school, and saw some unique Latvian houses.

This experience was extremely valuable since we got a lot of rich new insights into the Latvian life and culture. Individually, we not only gained new knowledge in our professional field, but we also improved our social skills as well as those in foreign languages.



Written by Manca Mravlje, 4. Ka and translated into English by Vida Potisek, 4. Kb

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

I am going to write about the Dominican Republic, my country of origin. I lived there till the age of five, when my parents took me to Slovenia, where I have been living for the past thirteen years. Every summer holidays I return to my hometown to visit my family.

The Island of Hispaniola occupies the eastern two-thirds of the land that is shared with the Republic of Haiti. The country is the second largest in the Caribbean region, located in the heart of the Caribbean and it is surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean to the north and by the Caribbean Sea to the South. The population is around 10million, 3 million people live in the capital city of Santo Domingo. The official language is Spanish.

The culture in the Dominican Republic is full of variety. There are many poets and novelists, but people are also interested in music and dancing. The two prevailing music genres are merengue and bachata, although reggeaton is popular too.

The people are very religious. There are many types of religion. Historically, Catholicism was the predominant religion, and today almost 80 percent of the population still follow it, but there is a small percentage of people that also practise Protestantism.

The Island is also well-known for its sports, especially baseball. Many famous baseball players who play this sport around the world were born in the Dominican Republic, but not many people know that.



Me on Playa Dorada, Puerto Plata



My familz, the three generations



Playa Dorada, Puerto Plata



The countryside - Las Tres Cruces de Salcedo.

There is a lot of crime in the streets in some parts of the country because of poverty and starvation. The people are divided into different social classes and there are big differences between them. There is a small percentage of wealthy people that control most of the island's finances. But the people are very friendly and they do not stand crime and violence, because they had enough of it in the past. So the local police are forced to be a little more aggressive to protect the locals and prevent any outburst of crime among people.

Lastly, we must not forget the beautiful sea, the beaches and the food, which are simply amazing and one of the reasons why so many people visit the seaside so often. The atmosphere there is fantastic. I do not live there, but whenever I go back, I feel the acceptance and the warmth of my homeland.

Nicolle Taveras Garcia, 4. Zb

Hi!

Right now I am in New York City. I am so excited. I have always wanted to come here. I am having a blast! The sun shines every day, but it's not summer yet, so it's a bit chilly.

We have been here for the past four days. Yesterday me and my friend just walked around the city. We were window shopping for two hours! Today we had a picnic in Central Park. It's beautiful there.

I don't know what exactly we are going to do tomorrow, but I do know that we are going to the theatre in the evening. So that means we have to go dress shopping, right?

All in all, I don't want to go home. I am still amazed by how tall the buildings are. But school starts in a week and I still have some projects to complete. So I am going to be home in two days. But I will come back when I can and I will stay longer next time.

Please, write soon!

All my love,
Martina

Martina Hrenko, 2. Ka



CENTRAL PARK

Central Park is an urban park in middle-upper Manhattan, within New York City, New York. It is the most visited urban park in the United States as well as one of the most filmed locations in the world.

It was established in 1857 by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, two soon-to-be famed national landscapers and architects who won a design competition to improve and expand the park. The park later served as a model for several other well-known parks around the world, such as the park in London and Tokyo.

It is 4 km long and 0.8 km wide. Due to its size the park has its own NYPD (New York Police Department) as well as an emergency rescue team and ambulance, and while most of the park appears natural, it is in fact almost entirely landscaped. It contains several natural-looking lakes and ponds that have been created artificially.

Walking tracks run through the park, the length of all of them adding up to around 9.7 km. Due to the long paths a lot of professional races and marathons are also held in the park throughout the entire year, one of them being The New York city marathon. There are numerous baseball fields as well as courts for volleyball, tennis, croquet and lawn bowling which make the park popular for sports clubs, most of the activities being held on The Great Lawn in the center of the park. It also contains two ice-skating rinks, one of which turns into a swimming pool in July and August and is also the site of Victorian Gardens seasonal amusement park.

A chariot can take you to the Central Park Zoo, which we all probably know from the animated film Madagascar. The park is also home to the world's largest carousel or merry-go-round, which contains fifty-eight hand-carved horses and two chariots which you can ride on.

One of the park's biggest attractions are the Central Park Conservatory Garden, which is a wildlife sanctuary, a large area of natural woods, an encircling running track, and an outdoor amphitheater, the Delacorte Theater, which hosts the "Shakespeare in the Park" summer festival and where a lot of concerts are held.

One of the attractions I personally find the most unusual is the Belvedere Castle with its nature center and the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre. I mean, what other park has its own castle? But the interesting thing is that the castle had not been there before the park was built, but was later built as another attraction. Boats and kayaks are rented on an hourly basis at the Boathouse, which also houses a restaurant overlooking the Lake.

The park is also home to several artistic

structures, like the Cleopatra's needle, which is a red granite obelisk. The "Cleopatra's Needle" in Central Park is one of three; there is also one in Paris and one in London. Each obelisk is approximately 21 meters high and weighs about 180 tons.

On October 9, 1985, on what would have been John Lennon's 45th birthday, New York City dedicated 2.5 acres to his memory, calling it the Strawberry Fields. Countries from all around the world contributed trees, and Italy donated the iconic Imagine mosaic. It has since become the sight of memorial gatherings for other notables, and was the place people came to light candles in the days following the September 11, 2001 attacks.

These things are only a fraction of what the park can offer, and truly is a sight to see in any season of the year, the snow in the winter, the blooming flowers in the spring and the orange-brown colors of the fall only adding to its beauty. I hope that maybe someday I can visit it myself and admire its beauty in person.

Source: www.centralpark.com

Petra Horvat, 4. Fb

POEMS

What is life?

Life is like a spiral
of the living and the dead.
It's filled with poor and broken ones,
and the ones who are poorly fed.

On a different note, there's people
who pay just to forget,
and the ones who can't do anything
to get rid of their regret.

What is life?
It's such a beautiful thing,
but it can be very sad.
It can make you jump from happiness
or it can make you really mad.

It's unfair and quite confusing,
it can be sort of amusing,
it might be tough, you might feel small,
hang in there, kid, you'll get through it all.

Anais Leskovar Erbežnik, 1. Kb



The silence

You don't deserve a second chance,
yet you will be given the third one.
I see you for who you are,
but still believe in you to chae.
The silence on your part
speaks more clearly than a thousand words.
I am not on your mind, nor in your heart.
Funny, since you consume mine.
I know not if we are ever to be,
but I do know that you are playing with a
fragile heart.

You don't stop people who walk all over me,
but once I am gone,
it is going to be too late.
Let me hear you now,
while I still have a word to give.
Once the lavender sheds its blossoms,
I will only exist in the memory.
The memory you don't have of me.

The first step

I am the first one
to speak to you.
I am the one
to make a conversation.
I am the one
who wants it.
You just sit there
where no one can touch you,
no one can hurt you.
Or you just see
what you don't need - an ugly duckling.
On the day
when you say, Hi
I will know that you are not an empty shell.
But will I see who you are?
Is there more to you than meets the eye?
Don't let my fragile heart
fall to the depth of despair.
I am the one who is naive,
let me be.
Let me go and set me free.

We were never meant to be.
Since you decided
you won't show me
that I am worth it!

I am okay

I am not what meets the eye.
There was a spark once
in those eyes
that now hopelessly
search for you.

The smile that is given
no longer rests
on a solid foundation.
You only see
what I want you to.

The sound of your soul
meets the sound of my heart.
Your deaf ears
will never know there was a melody.
The history will consume it all.

The unexpected loss

He left,
in this world he will never be seen again.
It is unfair,
yet he won't ever come back.
The fault was in young recklessness
which will forever be embedded
in the shoulders of guilt.

His loving smile and craziness
will never be given to the world, again.
I knew his soul,
yet it is long since we spoke.
Now I find myself wishing
I could change that.
He left without warning,
without a single goodbye!
Friendship that once was,
now there are sorrow and grief.

The wounds so fresh
that people are not aware of them.

Now all that is left is a burning candle,
its flame lingers above his soul,
it burns in our memories.
The unknowing mistake
left a permanent scar on so many.

The thought of him



is painful for the ones who once knew him.
Yet they smile at the thought
of once unselfish soul.

Poem

The night will fall upon the brightest of days.
The cold will embrace the warmest of times.
The once enchanting flower will fade with
time.
The calmest of seas will stir on a windy night.
Beyond one's freedom lays a fragile path.
You only have to reach inside to find a beat-
ing heart.
One smile can build a whole empire.

Polona

STORIES AND MORE

AMAGUK, THE WEREWOLF

I was glaring at the silhouette from afar. I was not quite sure what to think of the figure which was slowly approaching me. It appeared to be scrawny and very tall. In fact, it reached above the door frames. I could simply describe it as a monster. But I saw that there was more inside.

“What are you doing here?” it asked, standing just far enough from the light for me to see it.

The question it asked me was quite appropriate. Kids like me did not belong to such places. I honestly had trouble remembering why I had come here.

“I cannot seem to find a place where I belong,” I finally answered.

The figure was getting bigger and bigger as it was approaching me. I could feel a chill running through me. What could this mysterious creature be?

The light soon shone over the silhouette and I finally saw who I was glaring at. It was a ... Werewolf?! I quickly jumped on my feet, but those did not have enough strength to deal with both my weight and panicking. I resorted myself to the closest corner I could find.

“Please ... Do not run from me,” it said sadly in its low voice.

For some reason the tone of that voice made me stop. I slowly lifted my look. I looked it right in the eyes. I knew it could tell how scared I was, but I also knew that I had nowhere to run.

“You are so skinny!” I breathed out while

checking the ribs that were sticking out of its fur.

“Because I am lonely. My werewolf pack has left me. So I resorted to the closest abandoned house I could find.”

“Who are you? I mean ... What is your name?” I asked slowly. I got tired of thinking of this werewolf as *it*.

“They used to call me Amaguk,” he said and then narrowed his eyes at me, miming me my turn to speak.

“Amanda,” I said. I was still trying to compose myself and calm my breathing down.

“Is it okay if I come closer?” he asked and slowly took a step towards me.

I just nodded. I had never thought this could actually happen. I thought this only happened in movies. If we followed that lead, it meant that I would end up being eaten by Amaguk.

He was standing about two meters away from me now. He was so tall that I had to raise my head to look him in his greenish eyes. I watched as he slowly placed one of his hands on my shoulder.

“Don’t worry. I am only like this at night. I am a very good-looking guy otherwise!” He chuckled, trying to make the situation appear a little bit lighter.

“Really?” I said in my naïve tone.

His expressions saddened again.

“Well, no. Not anymore. I used to evolve nightly, but since I was cursed by that dreadful man, I am now the monster you are looking at,” he said.

I frowned. I had no idea what to say, let alone how to comfort a werewolf. This was my first one. But I could feel it in his tone that he was telling the truth.

“What if we find that awful man? What if we find him and take back what he took from

you!” I decided to help him.

My look traveled to Amaguk. I found him staring at the ground with a weepy expression on his face.

“I would very much like that. I would love to return back to the man I used to be. But you must know that that man can hurt you. He is known to be one of the most powerful wizards on Earth,” he exclaimed.

Not only had I learned that werewolves existed, now I was told what wizards did as well. That was bound to cause trouble in my brain and people calling me insane.

“Let’s do it,” I completely ignored my danger instincts.

“But we can’t do it this night. The transformation and breaking the curse can only be done at full moon,” Amaguk explained. “That’s two days from now,” he had answered me before I even asked.

I just nodded and finally stepped closer to him and out of the corner in which I had been hiding for so long that I could even call it mine by now.

“Follow me,” I mumbled blandly and started walking away from the abandoned house. “You can sleep over at my place,” I suggested while stepping towards the woods that I had come from.

“Amanda, you don’t have to do that. I can sleep outside. In the woods!” he argued kindly.

“No! There is no way I am letting you sleep out there!” I nearly growled and turned to look at him.

“Don’t worry! I am used to it,” he kept on rambling.

“I know you are. But you and I both know how much you want to break this curse and be a partial human again. Well, the first step is to make you feel like one. And sleeping in the woods definitely isn’t the way!” I said and

finished the debate.

We continued our way through the woods. I must admit that the woods crept me out, especially in the middle of the night. I was also still getting used to a werewolf walking next to me. It was really late and I was very tired. My eyes could barely keep open. Not to mention that the walk to my house lasted more than half an hour. I looked over at Amaguk to see if he was tired as well. He looked completely awake and not nearly tired. *Oh, right, he’s used to that kind of lifestyle*, I thought.

I started thinking about what to do if my parents noticed that I had brought a werewolf into the house. A naughty smile played on my face and I chuckled softly at the idea. I liked to mess with my parent’s minds sometimes. Okay ... Most of the time. But I had never done anything to harm them. Just some practical jokes and tricks. This may be a less successful one, but to be fair, the main intention was not to play a practical joke on my parents. My main intention was to get this creature’s old life back.

I was beginning to get so sleepy that I started yawning along the way. Amaguk noticed that and slowly crossed my path sideways and stopped. I almost tripped over him.

“Are you insane?!” I nearly hissed as I quickly stopped.

He gave me a kind look, so I calmed down.

“You look beat. Let me carry you the rest of the way,” he suggested.

The idea was too appealing to revolt. I thanked him and climbed onto his back.

Our way home was very quick. He ran quite quickly, and surprisingly, it was very comfortable being carried by him. I actually felt safe in the woods during the night for the first time.

We arrived home and I let him into the house. We tip-toed our way to my room, where I

placed a blanket on the floor, so he could lie on it. He was very satisfied with it. Luckily, we did not wake anyone up.

The next two days went by surprisingly simply. My parents did not find out about Amaguk, since he knew very well how to hide. I went to school during the day like a normal student and did not tell any of my friends my big secret. We just went on and on about boys instead, the things that my friends usually discussed. Like it was the only thing that existed.

On the second day, I came home from school and went straight to my room. I knew well what it meant. Tonight we should find the wizard and turn Amaguk back to normal. Well ... as normal as a transforming human can be.

"Hey ..." Amaguk said as soon as I had entered the room.

A light smirk was playing on his face as I stepped closer and petted his head as hello.

"Are you ready?" he asked carefully and watched me sit down on the edge of the bed.

"Isn't it tonight?" I asked confused and looked at the time. It was six p.m.

"Yes. But we have to get there first. And it's not that near. The Wizard is not easy to be found ..." he mumbled.

"I know nothing about wizards, I am new to this," I explained. "So, we are leaving now?"

He nodded, so I immediately started getting dressed. I was putting on some baggy and warm clothes, but he soon stopped me.

"What are you doing? I don't think that's the way you should dress ..."

"Why not? It's going to be cold at night ..." I argued, confused. "I don't understand you animals!"

"We need to distract the Wizard to trap him! And most importantly, the Wizard is a man. You could be the distraction. So I suggest



putting some effort in the distraction and less effort in baggy clothes."

"Argh, fine!" I growled a bit annoyed.

I put on some clothes that complimented my figure and put some makeup on.

"Ok? Is that "distracting" enough?" I exhaled.

He simply shrugged: "It should do".

I rolled my eyes and we left through the door and into the woods.

On our way there, we talked a lot and just about everything. I loved getting to know him better, but there was a feeling growing towards him, of which I was afraid. I started liking him a lot.

"So, where exactly are we heading?" I asked.

"To the exact middle of the forest, where the trees gather in a circle, where the rocks grow like plants in the shape of a big cave," he explained.

I nodded. That explained almost nothing to me. Rocks which grow? Was this metaphorically speaking or was it meant literally?

During our trip to the middle of the woods, we also made up a plan on how we would make all that happen. The plan was to set up the net above the cave and then to make the Wizard come closer to me. While he would walk closer and closer, Amaguk would drop the net from above, making us catch him. So in the end, the Wizard would have to grant us a wish in order to let him go.

We got there at around 11 p.m. And yes, there was a circle made out of trees, and in the middle - looking as it was "planted" there - there was a cave. We entered the spooky cave. It was very dark inside. Amaguk saw in the dark, so he helped to steer me in the right direction. I just stood there as he prepared the net as well.

He asked me if I was ready, and when I said

yes, he started howling loudly. I assumed that he was calling the Wizard with the help of loud ear-harming howling.

Soon after, we heard someone very near the cave.

“Who dares disturb the peace of the great?!” A loud sophisticated voice echoed through the cave. The Wizard’s voice sounded wise and old.

A light shone through the entrance of the cave. He was now getting closer and closer. Soon I saw the Wizard. He was not nearly as old as I had expected. He looked a little bit older than me! I was shocked.

“It is I!” I said and held back laughter from how that sounded.

“Who are you?” he asked and got closer, so he was just underneath the net.

“Your worst nightmare,” I smiled evilly as Amaguk dropped the net over the wizard, trapping him.

The Wizard put up quite a fight with Amaguk’s trap, but in the end he caved in.

“What do you want?!” he screamed.

“My life back!” Amaguk growled at him.

“Listen here, you nimrod! You had your chance!” the Wizard argued.

Amaguk was now completely quiet, whereas I was confused.

“What is he talking about?” I asked and turned to Amaguk.

He just looked away from me, so the Wizard spoke instead.

“I know Amaguk very well. We were best friends in our early age. We were born into the same family. We had the same mother but we have different fathers,” he explained.

“What do you mean *had*? Did she pass away?” I asked confused.

“Amaguk killed her,” he simply answered.

My jaw dropped. There was no way that actually had happened.

“You’re lying!” I said coldly.

“Not really. You see, we were born with these powers and we were exploring them. But with these powers come great responsibility. You sometimes need to hold back from the things that your instincts tell you to do. Amaguk didn’t. As you already know, he had the power of turning into a werewolf. That’s a very aggressive and dangerous animal. Along with that, it has the instinct to attack. Amaguk was not responsible enough to ignore that instinct,” he said.

“That’s why you turned him into a werewolf for life?” I asked, trying to follow what he was saying.

“My father wanted to destroy him. But I decided to take matters into my own hands. I turned him into a werewolf forever, so he’d learn how bad the mistake he had made was,” the Wizard said while trying to get out of the net.

“You think I don’t know how badly I messed up?! I think about it every day! The werewolf I used to be ... makes me cringe. But that’s not me anymore, Gorgom!” Amaguk finally broke out of silence.

“Prove it!” Gorgom said doubtfully.

“The fact that I’ve been out of the woods for quite a while and attacked no one kind of speaks for itself. I have learnt to control myself. But I want to be able to walk the streets of our home town again! I want to go visit our mother’s grave! I want to do that like a normal human being, without having to hide all the time! I miss our family!” Amaguk defended himself.

There was a long silent pause. They were looking at each other. Gorgom had his eyes narrowed at Amaguk and he was glaring

right back at him. I saw how Gorgom’s eyes softened. After all, he was still his step-brother.

“You’re right,” he mumbled.

Soon, he started waving his hands all over the place and saying some unclear words in a very mysterious tone. I looked at the clock. It was midnight. I figured out that Gorgom was undoing the spell that he had put on Amaguk.

Moments after, I saw how Amaguk’s body started turning into a human figure. He turned back into a human. I was really happy for him.

After the transformation had been done, they started laughing and they hugged. I was standing there, looking at them. They soon turned to me. Gorgom reached out his hand to mine and shook it. We were finally properly introduced. We spent some time in the cave, getting to know each other. But I soon had to leave. If my parents found out where I was, they would flip. I did not even have to walk home! Gorgom just waved his hand and there I was!

I had never thought that one day could change my life so much. Gorgom, Amaguk and I now hang out on daily basis. I have the coolest friends! I think I have finally found a place where I belong. Being friends with a werewolf and a wizard can never do you harm, can it?

Sara Žnidaršič, 4. Kb

ANYWHERE BUT HERE

The hardest thing, when you’re growing up, is figuring out who you are and where you are meant to be. Anyone can relate to this, it doesn’t matter if you’re eight, twelve, twenty-five or fifty ... We’ve all been there at some point.

But it’s even more difficult when you’ve been

living in the same home, the same town, the same community for 19 years, and yet nothing seems familiar, nothing feels like home. There’s this constant feeling that you simply don’t belong. That’s how I feel. Every day. Waking up to the same routine, believing that nothing can surprise me anymore in this dull town.

Ever since I was a little girl, I have been sure that one day I will grow up and leave, and everything will be better. Even being only 120cm short, I already felt too big for this small town. Dreaming big was my speciality, and I remember being told I had potential. But it’s easy to sit in your small room and imagine your dreams coming true when you’re just a kid, who still has faith in this world, believing everything is so effortless ... That all you have to do is really want it. And once it happens ..., it’s perfect. But it did not take me long to realize that that is most certainly not the case.

(The last week of school)

“Edith?” says a voice slowly fading. “Edith? You need to wake up.”

I’m not sure if I am still dreaming. “EDITH!” I jump. For a second I am not sure what is going on until I realize I am sitting in the empty biology classroom with my friend Paulette.

“Where is everybody?” I say pretending I wasn’t sleeping throughout the whole period. Again.

“Class is over ...”, Paulette answers as she packs her backpack. “Oh, and Ms. Taylor has got a stomach ache and cancelled history, so we can go home since it’s our last period,” she says trying to hide her rude smile because Ms. Taylor got sick. But who doesn’t love it when the last period gets cancelled?

I yawn and answer: “That’s cool. I’ll be going home then. I’m still super tired from the night shift.”

“I don’t know why you’re working so hard,”

Paulette says staring at my dark circles worriedly. "Can't you just delay your move to Paris for a couple of months and work only after school? You need sleep."

"I can't," I answer. "You know I can't stay here anymore. It's driving me mad. I need to get the money fast, so I can leave faster, and working night shifts is working right now."

"Oh, is it?" Paulette starts to get angry with me.

I don't blame her. For the past two years and a half, I have been working shifts at any place I could find so I could earn enough money to move to Paris.

Ever since I can remember, it has always been a dream of mine to move to Paris. I took up French lessons until I was 16. Then I had to stop because I got too busy trying to earn enough money to move. I'm not sure yet what I want to do with my life, but it's definitely not staying here.

Paris is the city of fashion. It has the best academies for anything you can imagine. And I have always wanted to attend a make-up academy. It sounds perfect! If only it wasn't so expensive.

My parents promised to help me with the move, meaning they are willing to take care of the apartment if I am able to pay for the academy. So, I had to figure out a way to get \$9,000 in the shortest time. I saved some money from birthdays and Christmases, but I still have to put some money aside for the time when I'm in Paris and don't have a job yet. So, after two years and a half of working night and day shifts at the Skating Bar and from the money I saved from babysitting and walking the neighbours' dogs, I have collected a total of \$7,655, which is unfortunately still not enough. Close, but not enough.

I look away from Paulette and start walking towards the door. I know she has every right to be upset with me. I've been stressing myself

out lately, but I can't stop now. The application for the academy is this September, and since summer vacation is a week from now, I only have the summer to get the money. I have to give it my best for another two months and then it's goodbye old boring Georgia and hello Paris!

"Alright ... I'm sorry. I'm just worried about you." I feel her looking at me as I'm walking away from her. "I'm just really going to miss you."

Her saying that makes me get a knot in my stomach. I turn around and give her a kind smile. She starts walking towards me and hugs me. I hug her back so tightly I'm afraid she can't breathe. I start to feel my eyes tearing up. "I'm gonna miss you too. So much."

(Summer vacation)

It's August. I'm sitting on the beach in Tybee Island at 1 a.m., trying to figure out what I'm going to do. I have just finished my shift at the beach bar. Everything is quiet since it is Tuesday night.

I have been working the whole summer and I could only earn \$850. This freakin' beach bar thing was the best job I could get! I still have to get \$495, but the application deadline is in two weeks ... Where am I going to get that money in two weeks? It's hopeless. Everything is falling apart.

As I am tearing up, I look at the beach. It's so beautiful and peaceful. The waves are gentle, and the wind and the smell of the ocean never fail to make me happy.

But I am way too tired. I have to go back to my aunt's. I've been staying with her for the whole summer now, since she lives near the beach, so it has been easier for me to work here. I get up and walk home.

(The next morning)

The annoying alarm clock in the morning never fails to make me question my existence.

I see that I set my alarm clock an hour too early for work.

Well ... I'm already awake now, so I might as well go make breakfast for me and Aunt Natasha.

I walk down the stairs to the kitchen and Natasha has already made breakfast and is waiting for me to join her. I walk up to her. And sit down.

"Good morning." She smiles.

I smile back. "Morning, Natasha."

She always saves me the seat where the morning sun shines best through the window. I have my hair pulled into a messy curly bun sort of way. I pick up my cup of coffee and start worrying about Paris. As usual.

"What's on your mind?"

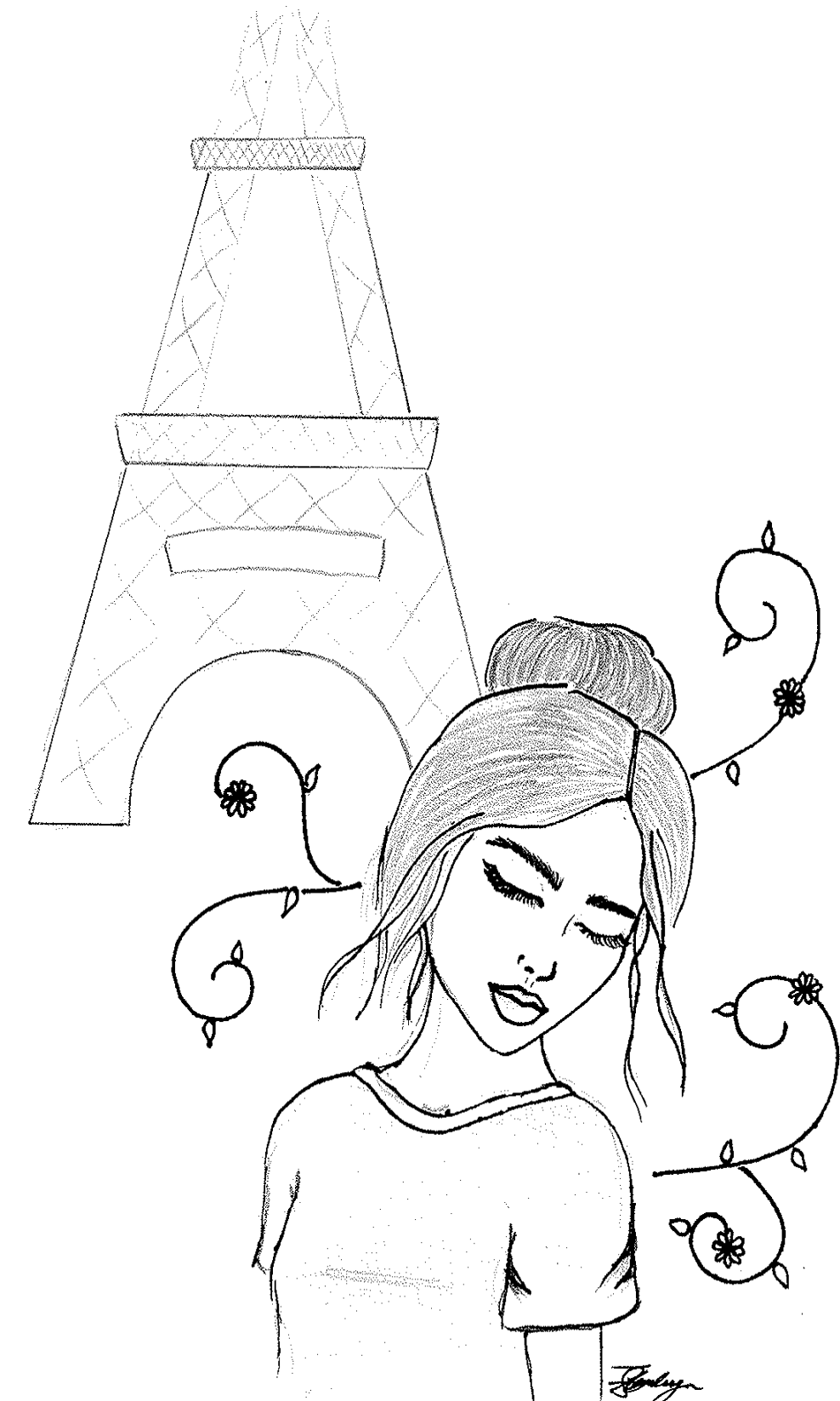
"Nothing ... It's just I still don't have enough money for the academy. And I don't think I will be able to get it in time for the application." I take a sip of my coffee and look at her. She is smiling at me. I can't read her.

"What's so funny?" I ask, not sure if I should smile back or be offended.

She gives me an envelope and says nothing. She just keeps smiling. I look at her, confused.

"Open it!" she says impatiently.

I open the envelope and there



it is - the rest of the money for the academy. I am speechless, shocked and unbelievably happy.

“Oh, my gosh! Natasha!? Are you sure?” I stand up. I can’t even sit with all the excitement building up inside me.

“Yes, I am! Edith, ... I have never seen such a dedicated young girl working so hard for something. I want to do this for you. It would make me so happy to know I helped you on the journey to achieving your goal.”

I can’t believe I have such an amazing aunt. I start feeling tears running down my cheeks. It is impossible to explain how beyond blessed I feel at this moment. I hug her and start running around the kitchen, thanking her endlessly.

I am finally moving to Paris. I really am.

(Landing in Paris)

“Dear passengers, we have just landed in France. Please, leave your seats and don’t forget to take your belongings with you. Have a nice day and thank you for flying with Air Georgia.”

I could scream! We have finally landed in France! I stand up and look around me to see if I have forgotten anything. *With all this excitement I don’t want to leave anything important on the plane.*

I already signed up for the academy and paid for it on the same day my aunt had surprised me with the money. Nothing had ever felt so good!

I start getting off the plane. It’s only the airport, but everything around me looks like I’m going home.

Okay, so I’m almost out of the airport, I should call a taxi, I think to myself. It’s a good thing I speak French, or else this would be a disaster.

The taxi comes. I get in and give the taxi driver the directions to my apartment.

As we are driving through the city of love, I am both excited and scared. Everything is so new, and until right now, I don’t think I have ever questioned if moving alone to a new city at my age is even smart. But I have come way too far and have worked way too hard to turn back.

The taxi driver stops and asks for money. I get out of the car and look at the building. It is old-fashioned, the windows look so artistic. It is truly Paris like.

I get to the door and open it. I walk in and put down my bags. I have a cute little apartment with one bedroom and a mini balcony. *It is a little smaller than I imagined, but still ... I have my own apartment in Paris. I could cry.*

I hear a honk from outside. I look out my new balcony and notice the moving trucks are here. I go out and help the movers get the boxes inside.

Three hours passed but I am finally ‘moved in’. All of my essentials are ready ... But right now I can’t wait to see a little bit of Paris! Even though I am tired, I’ll still go out!

I take my purse and walk out. The city is beautiful! The weather is beautiful! *This is probably the best day of my life.* I notice a cute coffee shop, so I go in and have my first cup of coffee in Paris.

(An hour and a half later)

It is getting darker. I should probably go home. I remind myself that tomorrow is my first day at the Makeup Academy so I have to be rested.

(The first lesson at the Academy)

“So, that is how you contour with the Bernard palette. Any questions?” asks the teacher. I don’t have any questions, and even if I did, I would be too shy to ask.

So far, so good! The Academy is everything and more than I have imagined! Everything here is so professional and the people look

very artsy.

I notice the girl sitting next to me. *She looks very nice and I love her winged eyeliner. I should probably make some friends ... Since I am all alone.*

“Um ... Hello! My name is Edith.” I look at her hoping she’ll make a good response.

“Oh, hey! I’m Eva! Nice to meet you.” *Even better than I imagined.* I notice she has a genuine French accent.

“Hello, Eva! How come you’re taking the English course? I hear your accent, you’re French, right?”

She smiles and answers: “Yes, I am. I love English! I took this course so I would get better at it. This kind of forces me to. Are you alone here?”

“I am. I just moved here yesterday. It’s my first time in Paris, so I’m a little lost. I barley found this academy in time.” I joke a little to try and break the ice.

“Really? Well, I can show you around if you like? After lessons we could go grab a bite?”

“I would love that!” I answer a little too loudly, so the teacher has to shush us.

Class is over and now I’m going out to eat with my new friend Eva. This is so unreal.

As we walk around, we talk and talk. *She is such an easy person to talk to and I really do think we will be good friends.*

Paris is beautiful and everything I could ever hope for. This is going to be amazing, I can already feel it.

Tomorrow I’ll start looking for a job. Right now I’m just going to enjoy myself while my dream is finally coming true after so long trying to achieve it.

Zala Seifert, 3. Ka

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT IN MY LIFE

My name is MacKenzie Black and I’m 17. I go to high school with my best friend, Nicky Martinez. We are sophomores and Nicky is dating a senior, Timmy Thompson. I also kind of like his schoolmate, Harry. I don’t know his last name, but it doesn’t matter.

This morning everything was going fine. I got up, got dressed, ate my breakfast and went to the bus station. But when I got to school, everyone was whispering and pointing my way.

What’s going on?

I started walking faster towards my locker and there I saw Nicky, Timmy and Harry. I only looked at Nicky, because I didn’t want to fall over.

“Hi, Mac!” Nicky said and hugged me.

“Hi.” I mumbled back.

“Why is everyone whispering and pointing at me?” I whispered to her, but obviously not quietly enough, because Timmy answered instead of her.

“It’s because Harry’s here. At your locker,” he explained.

“Oh, my gosh! Why did you bring him here?” I panicked suddenly.

“You know we can hear you, don’t you?” Harry asked and I blushed.

“Amm ...” I tried to get the words out of my mouth. He was just too gorgeous. And his voice ...

“Nicky, can I talk to you for a sec?” I asked Nicky.

“Umm, sure,” she said and looked at her boyfriend.

“We can leave if you want,” Timmy said.



"Oh, no. No. You stay here if you want, and I'll talk with my bestie," I answered and blushed even more.

"Okie dokie," he said and turned to talk to Harry.

I pulled Nicky to the school bathroom to be sure they couldn't hear us.

"Okay. Now what?" she asked confused.

"You know what! Why did you bring him to my locker?!" I asked carefully.

"Because. He was talking about you every time I was with Timmy. I bet they're talking about you right now," she said calmly.

"Why didn't you tell me?!" I asked.

"Because I knew you'd freak out. Just like you are doing now!" she explained.

"What should I do?" I wanted to know.

"Talk to him. Like every normal person," suggested Nicky.

"But I can't." I felt so insecure.

"Sure you can. Now let's go," she encouraged me and pushed me out the door, walking right behind me so I couldn't run away.

As soon as we came back, Harry and Timmy stopped talking and smiled at us.

"What were you guys talking about?" Nicky asked.

"Umm, nothing. What about you?" Timmy answered and kissed her.

"Just nothing important," she replied giggling.

"Really?" Harry half asked.

We were just standing there awkwardly while they were cuddling. Finally, the bell rang, saving Harry and me.

"I'll see you later," Nicky said and kissed Timmy. She then hugged him and Harry. Then I hugged Timmy and wanted to leave with Nicky, but someone grabbed my hand.

"What about me?" I looked back and saw Harry looking at me with

his puppy eyes. I hugged him and then we rushed into our classroom.

When class was over, we all packed our stuff and Nicky was waiting for me.

"Timmy said he'll wait for me," she said.

"Uhm, okay. Let's go," I answered.

The second I was out, I regretted it. I couldn't believe my eyes. I turned and started walking very fast towards the bathroom.

"Wait! Mac!" I heard Nicky call behind me.

I didn't realise I was crying until I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror. *I can't believe he did that! And I really thought he likes me.*

"Mac! Are you here?" I heard Nicky call.

"Go away!" I said.

"What's wrong?" she hugged me.

"I said go away! There's nothing ..." I tried to calm down.

"I know there is. Please, tell me," she persisted.

"OK, I'll tell you. I saw Harry and some girl kissing," I finally managed to say.

"OMG, I'm sorry, hun," she said and hugged me even tighter.

"This is the greatest disappointment in my life," I said and let my tears out.

Amadeja Stanojević, 2. Zb

CLUELESS

Lena walked into the hotel and looked around anxiously. Her head was pounding and she couldn't remember what had happened in the last few hours. The last thing she could recall was two suspicious looking men who had been shouting her name and she could swear she had seen a glimpse of her twin sister Vladka. When she arrived at the hotel, she was just about to go to the counter, when she caught a flirtatious glance of a mysterious man. She hurried to the hotelier and introduced herself under the alias Nadia Putchikova and handed the hotelier her fake passport, due to her job of being a spy, then checked into the room 407. She immediately left the lobby and went straight to her room. When she glanced over her shoulder, she saw a shadow following her. She quickened her step and stumbled into the room, locked the door several times and then collapsed to the floor. She could barely breathe. Sweat began to drop down her face and her heart was pounding so hard she thought she was having a heart attack. After a few minutes she calmed down, took a notebook and started writing. Memories came flooding back.

I was walking down the street. I was supposed to go try on Vera Wang wedding dresses with my maid of honor, when I heard someone shouting my name. All of a sudden everything went black. They must have drugged me. The next thing I remember was waking up in a motel room and then running away as quickly as possible.

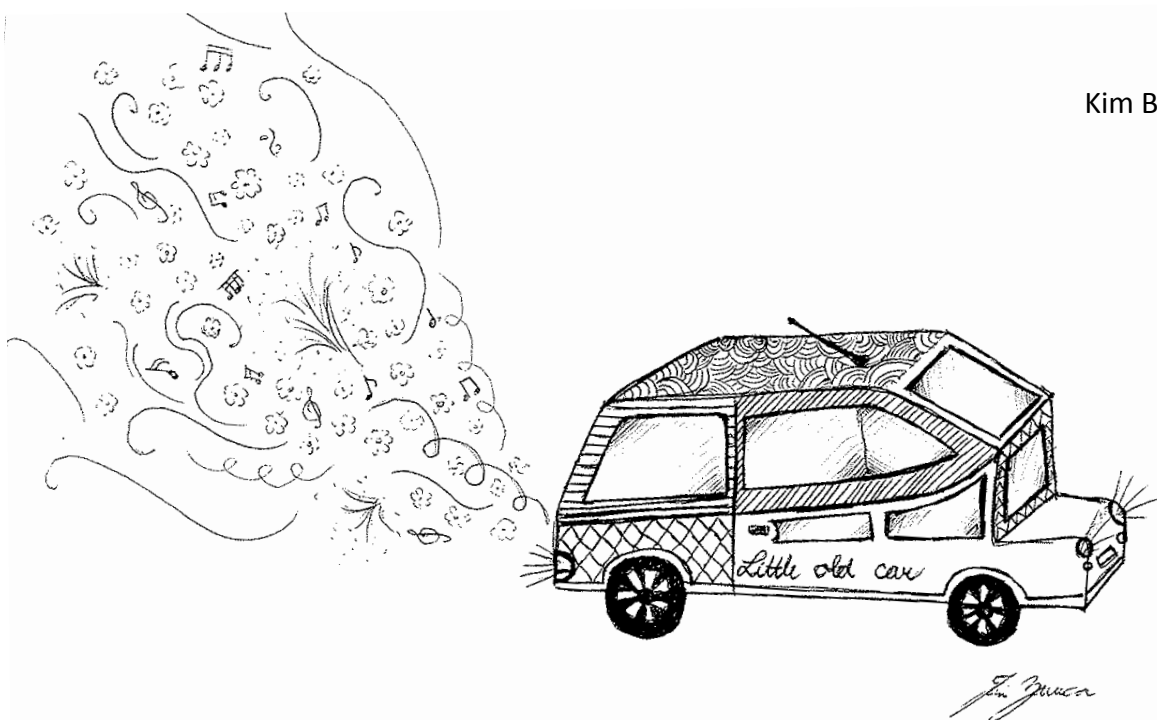
Suddenly her phone buzzed and she hastily reached for it. Her hands were trembling while she entered her password. She had received a text message from an unknown number. In terror she realised she was being blackmailed - in the picture she was surrounded with explosives. Her eyes began to tear up. But after a while, when she cleared her head, she

looked closely at the picture, and she realised there was a scar on her left ear. But she didn't have a scar?! Her sister had it. She had no idea what was going on. Should she call her sister or was she involved in something illegal?

Just then she heard a knock on her door. Who could this be? It was the mysterious man who had been previously flirting with her. He said there was some kind of meeting held in the conference room that she had to take part in. She wasn't sure what to do. Nevertheless, she doubtfully followed him down the hall. When she opened the massive door of the conference room, she saw a huge crowd shouting SURPRISE!!! She was totally taken aback. It wasn't until then that she saw a poster and realised her friends were throwing her a bachelorette party.

"Well, that was the most stressful day of my life, even though I am a spy. But it was also totally worth it," she mumbled to herself with a relief, while pouring champagne in her glass.

Alina Draksler and Urša Klešnik, 3. Fa



Kim Baruca, 3. Za

THE MAGICAL CAR

In London there was a very small street that led to the most beautiful house in the world. In that house lived a rich couple, Norah and Noah Jaguar. Everyone knew them, because they were famous for their car collection.

Can you guess what kind of cars they had been collecting? Jaguars. But in their garage they had a small little old car which looked like garbage and it had a note on the windscreen, "I look like trash. If you drive me, you will crash". In fact, everyone knew of that car because it was the most wanted and expensive car in the world.

One day, the rich couple went to the theatre. When they were driving home, they saw the police driving towards their home. Someone had burgled into their house and stolen the little old car. The people nearby had seen the little old car driving at high speed along that very small street. And suddenly the walls around the stolen car started to change shape and colour and in a moment there was a wall in front of them and the car crashed.

No one had a clue what had happened, only the Jaguar family knew that this happened if you drove the little old car, the magical car.

THE MOST SPECIAL DAY OF MY LIFE

The most special day of my life occurred about eight years ago when my mum told me that she was pregnant and that I would become a big sister. It was an ordinary day. I was almost nine years old at the time. I was playing with my dolls, when suddenly my parents told me this great news.

At the beginning, I did not even realise what was waiting for me in the next nine months. I was so happy, because I had always wanted to be a sister to someone. I asked my parents if they knew which gender the child was, but they told me that they had not wanted to ask the doctors. So I was living in clouds for nine months, hoping that I would get a sister.

One night, my dad told me that mum was going to give birth, and we quickly went into the car and we drove to Ljubljana. They left me with my grandparents in Ljubljana. It was funny that we did not even have the name for a boy, and we were discussing that in the car.

I am still so happy that I got a sister named Vanja. My dreams came true. Even though she is sometimes a bit difficult, I still love her and I always will, because we are best friends. I mean, at least she tells me that when I am angry with her.

Tajda Težak, 3. Fc



THE THEORY OF TIME

Our life is divided into three big chunks of time, defining the state we are in, making us grow and evolve. We don't really notice them, nor do we pay any attention. We have more important things to do, we think. But has any one of us ever stopped and thought about them? They are always there beside us ..., so we are really never alone.

I am the past. I present what was. I am a matter of history. You look back at me with memories, but that is the only connection you have with me. The fact is: You can't go back, nor can you change me. I am what I am even though most of you wish to change me. Mostly I am outshone by a dark ray that makes me look bad. That dark ray presents a path of regrets, deaths, exes and so on. So you mostly remember me by bad things. Associations with mistakes in your life – that is what I am. Let me remind you: I hold the time of your birth, the moment when the future awaits you with the end – death. However, you would never be what you are today if it weren't for me. You wouldn't be the same in the present – the day you are living.

I am the present. I present what is now, in this moment. I am your path to either success or failure. Some may be satisfied with me, some not. In this moment there are at least 10,000 people walking down the streets smiling, all for different reasons. Individuals, as every single one of them is. Some may have gotten a promotion, the first kiss, a divorce, received a compliment ... There are far too many reasons for me to go on telling and explaining them to you. Also, there are at least 10,000 people walking alone, unhappy and quite depressed, all for different reasons as well. Keeps it all quite balanced, doesn't it? Though I am not here to judge, I am just here. I am just a passenger on the "train" called "your life". Our path splits in the future, but somehow even


when you get there, I'll stay by your side. I am there forever, till your very end. You could say that I am your most loyal friend. But you want to go further without me. I don't want to let go, but the future in your brain lives without me.

I am the future. I am what has not yet come to be. I am what you think of, worry about. You run after me to catch me. I am almost at the tips of your fingers, but all of a sudden I slip away, making your life longer. The present and I aren't friends. We prefer to stay away from each other. We both know that once we meet, bad things are bound to happen. Ever since you were born, you have been chasing after me, without even knowing it. With every breath you take, you get closer. Every inch that you grow and every tear that you shed, every drop of alcohol that has ever run through your veins, every cigarette that you have ever lit. You know that once we will meet. And one day you finally catch up with me. Your present and I finally meet and suddenly you don't have the present anymore. You are no more. Death starts creeping through your beatless heart. All that you worked for in your life is now gone, it all fell apart. I am the future. The one you dream of, but don't know how destructive I am.

Sara Žnidaršič, 4. Kb

BEAUTY AND HEALTH CORNER

Bath bombs

I Ingredients ngredients	Quantity Quantity
sodium hydrogen carbonate	10.00g
citric acid	10.00g
	5.00g
starch	
glycerol	3.00g
pigment	q.s.
favourite essential oils	q.s.

q.s. = a sufficient amount

We mix all the powdered ingredients and add glycerol. We stir until we get a thick mixture and add any essential oils we like. If we want, we can also add some herbs. Then we put the mixture into models and let them dry. After that we can enjoy our bath.

Source: Gabrovšek, Ljubica *Laboratory Work in Cosmetics, Workbook 2016/17*



Homemade lip balm

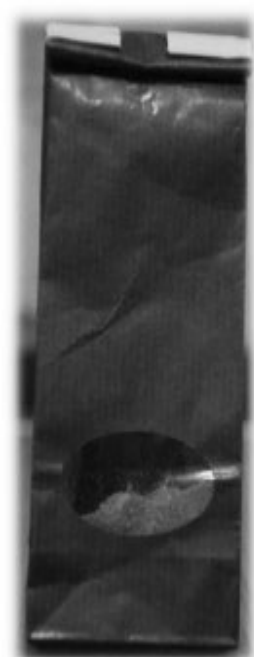
Ingredients	Quantity
beeswax	1.60g
cetyl palmitate	4.00g
liquid paraffin	14.30g
bergamot essential oil	8 drops

We put beeswax, cetyl palmitate and liquid paraffin in the water bath at 70°C.

When everything dissolves, we add essential oil and pour into lip balm tubes or jars.

Source: Štralleger, Silvo

Laboratory Work in Pharmacy, Workbook p. 82, 2014



Herbal wrap

Ingredients	Quantity
sage	3.00g
peppermint	1.00g
camomile	4.00g
rosemary	3.00g
thyme	2.00g
wheat germ	2.00g

At first we put all of the ingredients in a mortar and we crush everything with a pestle into really small pieces. Then we sieve the herbs and stir and our product is done.

We put one teaspoon of the herbal wrap in a clean dish and add

5 teaspoons of boiled water. We mix everything. After 5 minutes

we put it on our face and leave it on for 20 minutes. We must be

careful not to cover our mouth and eyes. Then we wash

our face with water. We use it about twice

a month. This herbal wrap cleans oily skin, closes pores and smoothes wrinkles.

Source: Štralleger, Silvo *Laboratory Work in Pharmacy, Workbook* p. 19, 2014



An ointment to treat a cold

Ingredients	Quantity
beeswax	4.30g
olive or coconut oil	1.70g
peppermint essential oil	3 drops
eucalyptus essential oil	3 drops
cloves essential oil	3 drops

We put beeswax and olive oil in the water bath at 70°C.

When they dissolve, we add essential oils and stir.

In the end we pour the ointment into small tins.

If we have a cold, we apply a little of the ointment under the nose a couple of times a day.

Source: Štralleger, Silvo *Laboratory Work in Pharmacy, Workbook* p. 85, 2014



Tea to soothe a cough

Ingredients	Quantity
mallow leaves	3.70g
mallow root	2.20g
anise fruit	0.90g
forest mallow root	0.30g
thyme leaves	2.90g

We crush all the herbs to make a blend. When we have a cough,

we put one or two teaspoons of tea in the boiling water, leave it

for 10 minutes, strain and drink with honey and lemon.

Source: Čerin, Marija *Laboratory Work in Pharmacy, Workbook* p. 77, 2012

Nika Jereb & Laura Blaznik, 4. Fa

HUMOUR IN THE CLASSROOM

Direct translation can be fun

Student: I can't remember how to say,
"Odvisno je od tega, kdaj ..."

Teacher helps: It depends on when ...

Another student: Can we in this case say, "It
is addicted to ..."?

Teacher: Witty means duhovit.

Student: Can we also say ghostly?

Finding the right definition

A patio is a person who is very patient.

Crossword puzzle, p. – Answers

Across
1. Boxing
6. Valentine
7. Shrove
5. Easter
Down
2. Guy Fawkes
3. Hogmanay
4. American

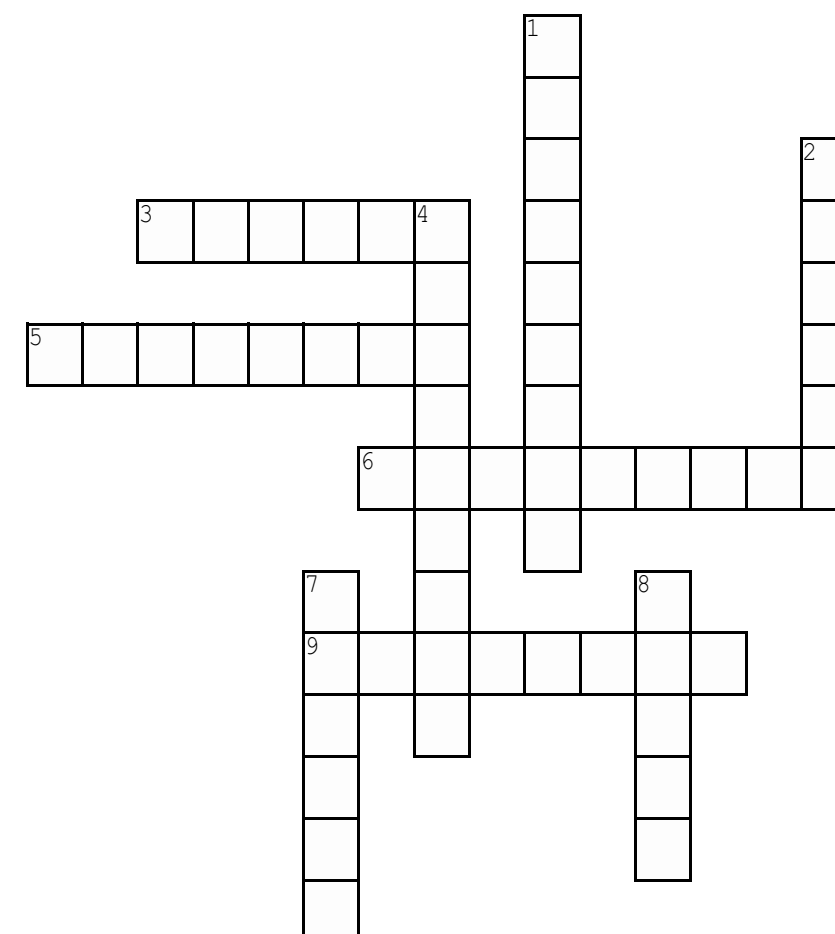
obvious
male
vampire

Shell
from
blood bank
by Sara K

Name: _____

British and American holidays and other celebrations

Complete the crossword below



Created with TheTeachersCorner.net [Crossword Puzzle Generator](#)

Across

3. 26th of December is a public holiday. It is called ____ Day.
5. It is celebrated on 31st December in Scotland. This is ____.
6. It is an annual holiday celebrated on February 14. This is ____'s Day.
9. Another name is Independence Day. People signed the Declaration of Independence on 4th July in 1776. This is an ____ festival.

Down

1. It is a celebration observed in a number of countries on 31st October. This is ____.
2. Another name is Pancake Day. On this day people eat pancakes. It is also called ____ Tuesday.
4. This day is on 5th November. They have fireworks and a bonfire. This is ____ night.
7. The feast day, which celebrates Jesus Christ's resurrection from the dead. This is ____.
8. ____ George is patron saint of England. The emblem on the flag is a red cross on a white field. This is ____ George's Day.

Nives Krajec, 2. Fb and Teja Mohar, 1. Fb



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